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Stevens and Hole's School Series.

THE COMPLETE READER.

BEING

A CAREFULLY GRADUATED SYSTEM OF TEACHING TO READ
AND SPELL BY MEANS OF ATTRACTIVE AND
INSTRUCTIVE LESSONS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR UPPER AND MIDDLE-CLASS SCHOOLS.

BY

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BOOK II.—THE INTERMEDIATE READER.

LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1866.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE





PREFACE.

THE EDITORS published, three years since, a Series of Lesson Books entitled the 'Grade Lesson Books,' embracing a complete system of Reading, and a thorough course of Spelling, Writing, and Arithmetic. These Books were drawn up specifically for those Elementary Schools which were brought under the operations of the Revised Code, and the reception they have met with justifies the Editors in believing that they supplied a felt want. The fact, however, of their plan embracing Arithmetic and Writing, as well as that many of the Lessons were written or selected with special regard to the class of children to be found in our National and British Schools, rendered the Books, in the estimation of many teachers whose opinion the Editors are bound to respect, unsuitable, as a rule, for schools of a higher class. It has, nevertheless, been suggested to the Editors, by many persons experienced in the wants of Upper and Middle Class Schools, that, as the principles of education are the same for all classes, the system adopted in them, so far as it embraces Reading and Spelling, will be equally acceptable in the last-mentioned schools.

In accordance, therefore, with the suggestions thus

made, the Editors have resolved to publish a Series, under the title of **THE COMPLETE READER**, especially designed for Upper and Middle Class Schools. It consists of Four Books, as under:—Book I. **THE PRIMARY READER**; Book II. **THE INTERMEDIATE READER**; Book III. **THE EXEMPLAR of STYLE**; and Book IV. **THE SENIOR CLASS READER**.

This Series forms a complete course of graduated instruction in Reading and Spelling, from the earliest stage to the period when the pupil has acquired the power to appreciate the rich literature of our language, and to enter with interest upon the consideration of some of the great facts and principles in History, Geography, and Science.

THE PRIMARY READER is divided into two parts, and has been drawn up with great care. The first part introduces the pupil systematically, and by the easiest gradations, to a complete knowledge of English Monosyllables.

Two or three of the first Lessons comprise words of Two Letters and a few common words of Three. Then the simple Vowel Sounds are taken with *Single Initial Consonants*. The words are placed in columns at the top of each page, and Lessons are formed on them—consecutive narratives, not mere disjointed sentences—only those words being introduced which are contained in the respective Spelling Lessons or in those preceding. A few easy Dissyllables are given advisedly, but only such as are compounded of words previously learnt.

When the simple Vowel Sounds have been gone through, the Diphthongs are treated in the same way ; and when the words which have Single Consonants before the Vowel Sounds have been exhausted, those with *Compound Initial Consonants* are taken. Silent letters and 'ough' come at the end of the Book, with the exception of three or four Auxiliary Verbs, which are earlier introduced to aid in the construction of the Reading Lessons.

If the learner thoroughly master this course, it is believed he will overcome the primary difficulties of Reading ; and will be able, with comparative facility, not only to read but to enjoy the Lessons which form the *Second Part* of the volume, and which consists of stories, poems, adventures, &c., in Monosyllables and easy Dissyllables.

THE INTERMEDIATE READER, also divided into two parts, comprehends two steps in advance of the Primary Reader. It comprises lessons similar to those contained in the latter, but suited to the presumed gradation at which the pupil has arrived : *Part the First* being confined to narratives, &c., in difficult Dissyllables and easy words of Three Syllables ; and *Part the Second* comprising more advanced lessons, introducing words of various degrees of difficulty.

These first two Books have been produced with the special view of inspiring the pupil with a love for the exercise, by enabling him, by careful gradation and attractive matter, to read with ease, fluency, and

expression, and to acquire, from the first, a habit of correct Spelling. Having gone through these Books, the learner will be fitted to read with profit the Lessons contained in Book III., which have been selected for the cultivation of the pupil's literary taste.

THE EXEMPLAR *of* STYLE contains, like its predecessors, two parts; the first part being devoted to carefully selected extracts from the Standard English Classics, and the second part to similar extracts from Works written during the present century, from those of living Authors, and from Current Literature.

THE SENIOR CLASS READER, as its name indicates, is intended as a Reader for Senior Classes, in History, Literature, Geography, and Science. In compiling it the Editors have had a twofold object in view:— (1) To compile a really good Reading Book for use in advanced Classes, and (2) to supply a guide to many of the best works on the subjects treated of. They desire to give useful information, and they hope that by imparting it in the language of the best writers, they shall assist in the mental culture of youth. By giving their readers a further acquaintance with some of the best English Classics, they seek to contribute to the formation in them of a pure literary taste, as well as point to them the way by which they may become most effectually furnished in various important branches of knowledge.

In Books I. and II. carefully arranged columns of

Spelling are placed at the head of each Lesson. In the latter the meanings of the words are added. These words are invariably selected from the Reading Lessons which they precede, and they are always, as far as possible, explained in the sense in which they are used in the Lesson. In Books III. and IV. the same plan is followed, and, in addition, definitions of scientific terms and difficult forms of expression are supplied, together with the roots from which the selected words are derived.

In the first part of Book I. there are over 1,300 Monosyllables arranged as Spelling Lessons. In the second part of the same Book, more than 1,000 Dissyllables, with a few longer words, are arranged in the same way. In Book II. the definitions of over 2,000 words are similarly given. In Books III. and IV. will be found nearly 5,000 words and difficult forms of expression explained, with derivations. If these, at the respective stages, be carefully learnt by the pupil, he will be fitted to enter upon the Reading Lessons with intelligence and appreciation, and will be in possession of a most extensive and useful vocabulary.

THE COMPLETE READER may be thus epitomised :—

BOOK I.

The PRIMARY READER: a Course of Progressive Reading and Spelling Lessons in Monosyllables and Dissyllables (Prose and Poetry).

BOOK II.

The **INTERMEDIATE READER**: a Course of Progressive Reading and Spelling Lessons (Prose and Poetry), embracing Words of various degrees of difficulty.

BOOK III.

The **EXEMPLAR of STYLE**: a Course of Reading Lessons, with Definitions, &c.; consisting of careful Selections from the English Classics and Current Literature (Prose and Poetry).

BOOK IV.

The **SENIOR CLASS READER**: a Course of Lessons, with Definitions, &c., in History, Geography, Literature (Prose and Poetry), and Science, selected from the Works of the most Eminent Writers.

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THE COMPLETE READER.

BOOK II.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE MASTIFF.

pert'-ness, *sauciness*
mas'-tiff, *a dog of the largest*
size
re-joice', *to be glad*
to-geth'-er, *in company*
re-mem'-ber, *to bear in mind*

vag'-a-bond, *a wanderer with-*
out a home
frol'-ick-ing, *playing pranks*
a-mu'-sing, *entertaining*
hap'-pi-ness, *state of being*
happy

‘What an idle vagabond you are!’ said a surly Mastiff to a Squirrel that was frolicking about in the trees above him.

The Squirrel threw a nutshell at him.

‘I’ve been watching you these two hours,’ said the Mastiff again, ‘and you’ve done nothing but dance, and swing, and skip, and whisk that tail of yours about all the time.’

‘What an idle dog you must be,’ said the Squirrel, ‘to sit for two hours watching me play!’

‘None of your pertness; I had done all my work before I came here.’

‘Oh, oh!’ said the Squirrel; ‘well, my work’s never done, I’ve business up in this tree that you know nothing about.’

‘Business, indeed! I know of no business that

you have but kicking up your heels, and eating nuts, and pelting honests folks with the shells.'

'Fie!' said the Squirrel, 'don't be ill-tempered;' and he dropped another nutshell at him.

'To see the difference there is!' said the Mastiff; 'nothing but play and pleasure for you, up in the green trees amusing yourself from morning to night.'

'Don't envy me my lot, friend,' said the Squirrel; 'for, although I rejoice in the happiness of it, I must remind you it isn't all joy. Summer doesn't last for ever; and what becomes of me, think you, when the trees are bare, and the wind howls through the forest, and the fruits are gone? Remember, that then you have a warm hearth and a good meal to look to.'

'You wouldn't change with me, however,' said the Mastiff.

'No; nor you with me, if you knew all,' said the Squirrel. 'Be content, like me, to take together the rough and the smooth of your proper lot. When I'm starving with cold in the winter, I shall be glad to think of you by your pleasant fire. Can't you find it in your heart to be glad now of my sunshine? Our lots are more equal than they seem.'—*Leisure Hour.*

THE BEGGAR MAN.

im-plore', to beg earnestly
toil'-some, full of labour
hos'-pit-a-ble, kind to strangers
pal'-lid, pale
drift'-ing, driving
wea'-ry, tired

drear'-y, dismal
stiff'-en-ing, becoming stiff
com'-for-ta-ble, receiving or
giving comfort
cheer'-ed, made cheerful

Around the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round with careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door ;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice they heard implore :

‘ Cold blows the blast across the moor ;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind ;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary treeless waste behind.

‘ So faint I am—these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear ;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

‘ Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast :
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have pass’d !’

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warm’d his stiff’ning hands in theirs,
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable meal prepares.

Their kindness cheer’d his drooping soul ;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o’er ;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

THE YOUNG PRINCE'S WISH.

pres'-ent, *a gift*
 pal'-ace, *a king's house*
 pow'-er-ful, *mighty*

un-heed'-ed, *not noticed*
 en-quir'-ed, *asked*
 an'-swer-ed, *made answer*

Once on a time there was a little boy whose father was king of a large and powerful country. You know that the son of a king or queen is called a prince. When this prince was about seven years of age, his mother, the Queen, went into the play-room, and saw her little son at the window looking very sad. The floor was strewn with toys, and he had two little friends for playmates. Everything that a boy could wish for, or even think of, was sent to him as a present on New Year's Day, which had just gone by. If fine things could make him glad, he might indeed be full of joy, more so than any boy or prince in the world. And yet, there they were, all unheeded, on the tables, chairs, and floor, while the prince was standing close to the window with his face against the glass. He was very dull and sad.

'Are you quite well, my child?' said the Queen, taking him on her knee.

'Yes, thank you, mamma,' answered the Prince, 'quite well.' But still there was the same look of sadness, and his voice was not at all cheerful in its tone.

'Why do you not play with these nice new toys?' enquired the Queen.

'Oh, I have so many, mamma, I do not care for them.'

'Well, my child, is there anything else that you would like? Whatever it may cost, you shall have it,' said his mother.

‘No, thank you,’ said the young prince, ‘I want no more things:’ and he went back to the window. From it he saw the road to the palace, where the rain fell fast, with a splash, into the mud and water.

‘What can I do to please and make you glad?’ said the Queen.

‘There is one thing, mamma, that I wish very much; but it is of no use, you will never let me do it.’ The Queen would know what he meant, and at last he said, ‘How glad I should be if I could but play in that nice mud!’ and the tears rolled down his cheeks.—*Adapted.*

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

mis'-chief, *harm*
hand'-some, *good-looking*
home'-ly, *simple, plain*
el'-e-gant, *pleasing, graceful*

del'-i-cate, *fine, not coarse*
in'-no-cent, *pure, harmless*
ill-na'-tured, *disobliging, bad-*
tempered

A Wasp met a Bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, ‘Little Cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?
My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold,
And yet nobody likes me for that, I am told.’
‘Ah! Cousin,’ the Bee said, ‘’tis all very true,
But were I even half as much mischief to do,
Then I’m sure they would love me no better than
you.

You have a fine shape and a delicate wing,
And they say you are handsome; but then there’s
one thing
They can never put up with, and that is your sting!’

TOMMY AND PIGGY.

ac'-tive, *busy, lively*
 ram'-bled, *wandered*
 bask'-ing, *lying in the warmth*
 re-sult', *the effect produced*
 at-ten'-tion, *regard*

wo'-ful, *full of sadness*
 good-na'-tured, *kind*
 hap'-pen'-ed, *came to pass*
 un-grate'-ful, *not thankful*
 shew'-ing, *offering*

'If you want to make animals tame,' said Mr. Barlow, 'you must be good to them and treat them kindly; then they will no longer fear you, but come to you and love you.'

'Indeed,' said Harry, 'that is very true. I knew a little boy who took a great fancy to a snake that lived in his father's garden. When this boy was getting his breakfast, he used to sit under a tree and whistle. Then the snake would come to him and eat out of his bowl.'

'And did it not sting him?' asked Tommy.

'No,' replied Harry, 'it did not hurt him in the least.'

Tommy was much pleased to hear all this, and, being an active and good-natured boy, he thought he would try his hand at taming animals. So he got a large slice of bread from the cook, and went out in search of some beast that wanted taming.

The first he happened to meet was a sucking pig. Piggy had rambled from his mother, and was basking in the sun. Tommy thought he would not let so fine a chance slip. So he called, 'Piggy, piggy, —come, little piggy.' But the silly pig only grunted and ran away.

'Oh, you ungrateful little thing!' said Tommy; 'is that the way you treat me when I want to feed you? If you do not know your friends when you see them, I must teach you.'

So saying, Master Tommy sprang after Piggy, and caught him by the hind-leg. For did he not want to give him a nice slice of bread?

But Piggy squeaked so loudly that the old sow came running up to see what was the matter with her baby.

Tommy was not certain she would be pleased with the attention he was showing to Piggy, so he thought it best to let him go.

The youthful porker, glad to get away, took the shortest cut. This was between Tommy's legs, and it threw him down in the mud. Up ran the sow and rolled him in the mire.

Mr. Barlow, hearing the noise, came out, and found his pupil in this woful plight. So he asked what was the matter. 'Oh, sir,' said Tommy, 'this all comes of taming animals. I wanted to make Piggy there love me.'

'Ah!' said Mr. Barlow, 'I see. You do not seem to know that there is a right way and a wrong way of doing a thing.'—*Sandford and Merton*.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

im-prov'-ing, *getting better*
 ver'-dure, *greenness*
 rear'-ing, *raising up*
 balm'-y, *soft*

cease'-less-ly, *never leaving off*
 build'-ing, *making*
 treas'-ur-ed, *preserved like a*
 treasure

'Little by little,' an Acorn said,
 As it slowly sank on its mossy bed ;
 'I am improving every day,
 Hidden deep in the earth away.'

Little by little each day it grew,
 Little by little it sipped the dew ;

Downward it sent a threadlike root,
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot ;
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little, the leaves appear ;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty Oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea
An insect train work ceaselessly ;
Grain by grain they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or play ;
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the top looks up to the sunny sky.
The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there ;
Till the summer sunbeams gaily smile
On the buds and flowers of the Coral isle.

‘ Little by little,’ said a thoughtful boy,
‘ Moment by moment, I’ll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play :
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell—
“ Whatever I do, I’ll do it well.”
Little by little I’ll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago ;
And one of these days perhaps we’ll see
That the world will be the better for me.’

And do you not think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man ?

Children's Paper.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS HATCHET.

mis'-chief, *harm*
 tempt'-ed, *enticed to sin*
 fa'-vour-ite, *a person or thing*
 preferred to others
 re-pli'-ed, *made answer*

fell'-ing, *cutting down*
 false'-hood, *untruth*
 sum'-mon-ing, *calling*
 an'-ec-dote, *a short and true*
 story

When George Washington was a little boy some one gave him a hatchet. He was much pleased with his present, and walked round the house trying its keen edge upon everything that came within his reach. At last he came to a favourite pear-tree of his father's, and began to try his skill in felling trees. After hacking upon the bark until he had quite ruined the tree, he became tired and went into the house.

Before long his father, passing by, beheld his favourite tree quite spoilt, and, going into the house, asked who had been guilty of such mischief. For a moment George trembled and was silent. He was strongly tempted to say he knew nothing about it; but summoning all his courage, he replied, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie; I cut it with my hatchet.'

His father clasped him in his arms, and said, 'My dear boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have a liar for my son!'

This little anecdote shows that George Washington, when a boy, was too brave and noble to tell a lie; he said he would rather be punished than utter a falsehood. He did wrong to cut the pear-tree, though perhaps he did not know how much harm he was doing. But had he denied that he did it, he would have been a coward and a liar. His father would have been ashamed of him, and would never have known when to believe him.

If little George Washington had told a lie then, it

is very likely that he would have gone on from falsehood to falsehood, till everybody would have despised him. And he would thus have become a disgrace to his parents and friends, instead of a blessing to his country, and an honour to the world. No boy who has the least portion of that noble spirit which George Washington had, will tell a lie. It is one of the most degrading sins, and there is no one who does not regard a liar with contempt.—*Editors.*

THE ASS AND THE HARE.

munch'-ing, *chewing*
 fur'-nish, *to supply*
 car'-case, *the dead body of an*
 animal
 ad-dress'-ed, *spoke to*
 bash'-fully, *modestly*

sol'-emn, *grave*
 for-bear', *to keep or abstain*
 from
 cour'-age, *boldness*
 pur-su'-ed, *went after*
 con-tempt, *scorn*

One day a rough and ragged Ass
 Was munching thistles, weeds, and grass,
 Upon a common scant and bare ;
 When, looking round, he spied a Hare.

The Ass munched on in solemn state,
 And leaned and rubbed against a gate,
 Gazing with dull and stupid stare,
 And thus address'd the listening Hare :

‘Poor Puss! I pity and despise
 The fear that lurks within those eyes ;
 You tremble while you sit, as though
 You dread at every turn a foe ;
 Whilst I munch up my weeds and thistle,
 Nor care for any one a whistle.
 Poor Puss, pursued by man and beast
 Must furnish up to each a feast ;

Nor do the very birds forbear
To prey upon the timid Hare.'

He ceased :—the Hare, with modest grace,
Stroked with her feet her gentle face,
And, looking bashfully aside,
She thus unto the Ass replied :
' Our lot in life, good Mister Ass,
Is not the same—but let that pass.
I do not wish to seem unkind,
But think it best to speak my mind,
And own at once I'd rather be
A timid Hare, unbound and free,
Than pass my life in munching grass,
And bearing burdens like an Ass.
They do not eat you up for food,
Because your carcase is not good ;
But after death if no one eats you,
In life each village urchin beats you.
Your strength is greater far than mine,
But does your coat so brightly shine ?
Courage and patience you possess,
Far more than mine, I must confess.
A faithful drudge and slave at need
Art thou, good Mister Ass, indeed ;
But much I doubt if lash and thong,
If burdens great and journeys long,
Are not worse ills for you to bear
That any which befall the Hare.'

Condemn not any till you know
The reason why God made him so ;
Nor seek to benefit your state
By sneering at another's fate.

Leisure Hour.

THE REINDEER.

| | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| Lap'-land-ers, <i>the people of Lapland</i> | re'-gions, <i>places, countries</i> |
| pur'-po-ses, <i>designs, objects</i> | a-bounds', <i>exists in plenty</i> |
| car'-ri-age, <i>a vehicle</i> | brows'-es, <i>feeds</i> |
| har'-ness-ed, <i>fixed with harness</i> | re'-spect, <i>relation, manner</i> |
| lich-en, <i>a sort of moss</i> | herb'-age, <i>grass, pasture</i> |
| en-tire'-ly, <i>completely</i> | cou'-ple, <i>two</i> |
| | cov'-er-ed, <i>overspread</i> |

The Reindeer is the most useful of all animals to the people who dwell in cold countries. The place in which it most abounds is called Lapland, and it serves the Laplanders for the same useful purposes as the horse, the cow, and the sheep serve us.

Lapland being very cold, its lakes and rivers are frozen over a great part of the year. For travelling, the people have a carriage called a sledge. This is formed something like a boat, with a back-board for the rider to lean against. The Reindeer is harnessed to this, and bounds over the ice or hard snow with great swiftness. It is said that a couple of Reindeer, yoked to a sledge, can travel a distance of more than a hundred miles in a day, with a heavy load behind them.

The traveller is tied in the sledge like a child in its cradle. He holds the rein, or halter, which is fastened to the deer's head, on his right thumb. When the driver is ready to start, he shakes the rein, and the animal springs forward with great speed. He now directs its course by the rein, and by his voice ; he sings to it as he goes along, speaks kindly to it, and cheers it on its way. He never strikes or hurts it, for he loves the animal too much to be cruel to it.

The Laplanders are thus enabled to travel in

winter by night and by day, when the whole country, far and wide, is entirely covered with snow, and scarcely a hut or tree is to be seen. In this way they travel from one part of Lapland to another in a very short space of time.

Thus the Reindeer serves the Laplanders instead of the horse. It gives them also milk, of which they make butter and cheese, thus standing in the place of the cow ; and of its skin they make themselves tents, bedding, and clothing, being in this respect better to them than the sheep would be.

The food of the Reindeer does not cost the Laplanders much, for in winter he lives on a kind of moss called lichen, which abounds in cold regions ; and in summer he browses upon the shrubs and plants he finds on his march.—*Editors.*

THE FROST.

val-ley, a hollow between
hills
moun'-tain, a high hill
mar'-gin, the edge
crest, the top
blus'-ter-ing, noisy

di'-a-monds, precious stones of
a white colour
quiv'-er-ing, trembling
beau'-ti-ful, full of beauty
pic'-tu-red, drawn like a pic-
ture
pow'-der-ed, made into dust

The Frost look'd forth one still clear night,
And he said : ' Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I'll not go on like that blust'ring train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they.'

Then he went to the mountain, and powder'd its crest,
 He climb'd up the trees, and their boughs he dress'd
 With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread
 A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear,
 That he hung on its margin far and near,
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane like a fairy crept;
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepp'd,
 By the light of the moon were seen
 Most beautiful things: there were trees and flowers,
 There were beves of birds and swarms of bees,
 There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers; and
 these

All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
 He went to the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
 'Now just to set them a-thinking,
 I'll kill this basket of fruit,' said he;
 'This bloated pitcher I'll burst in three,
 And the glass of water they've left for me
 Shall chink, to tell them I'm drinking.'

Miss Gould.

THE JACKDAW.

| | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| com'-pan'-y, <i>an assembly of persons</i> | per'-fect-ly, <i>entirely</i> |
| plun'-ged, <i>dived</i> | talk'-a-tive, <i>fond of talking</i> |
| scat'-ter-ing, <i>spreading</i> | com'-plete-ly, <i>perfectly</i> |
| a-larm'-ed, <i>frightened</i> | ven'-tured, <i>hazarded, dared</i> |
| in-tense', <i>very great</i> | re-du'-ced, <i>brought down</i> |

A tame Jackdaw I know of was a very amusing bird, and made himself quite at home; in fact, he

clearly thought himself the chief person in company, and that the only duty of his master was to wait on him. He was very fond of washing himself, and even in the coldest days of winter, he would come and ask for water, which was always given to him in a large leaden basin. Into this he would hop, after walking round it once or twice, and tasting the water. Then he plunged his head and shoulders beneath the water, and spun round and round in the basin, scattering the water with his wings on every side.

I never saw him alarmed, except twice: once when I caught him in a net, and once when he was travelling, and put his head out of the carriage window. The trees seemed rushing by, and this struck him with such intense horror, that he dived back into his basket, thrust his bill between the chinks, and remained perfectly silent for at least half an hour, a most uncommon thing with him. At last he feebly cried 'Jack,' but did not stir, and it was not until he had drunk some water that he became lively and talkative as usual.

He used to eat oats in a very clever way. He held down each grain with his foot, and with one blow and twist of his beak, completely shelled it.

He was very fond of large insects and mice. The cockchafers and beetles he seized, and killed them with one bite across the throat. He then picked off the heads, legs, and wings, and ate only the remaining parts. But with a wasp or bee the case was very different. He would hop round it several times, and, at last, make a great peck at it, and throw it up in the air. After a little while he would make another peck; but he never ventured to carry the bee away until it was reduced to a shapeless mass.—*J. Wood.*

THE YOUNG MOUSE.

dain'-ties, *nice things*
 sur-prise, *wonder*
 ex'-quis-ite, *excellent*
 squeeze, *to press together*

en'-vied, *grudged*
 ex-cur'-sion, *a short journey*
 re-si'-ded, *lived*
 folks, *people*

In a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
 A certain young Mouse with her mother resided ;
 So securely they lived in that snug quiet spot,
 Any Mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day the young Mouse, who was given to
 roam,
 Having made an excursion some way from her home,
 On a sudden returned, with such joy in her eyes,
 That her grey sedate parent expressed some surprise.

'Oh, mother !' said she, 'the good folks of this house,
 I'm convinced, have not any illwill to a Mouse ;
 And those tales can't be true that you always are
 telling,
 For they've been at such pains to construct us a
 dwelling.

'The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
 Exactly the size that one's comfort requires ;
 And I'm sure that we there could have nothing to
 fear,
 If ten cats and their kittens at once should appear.

'And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
 One could slip in and out with no trouble at all.
 But the best of all is, they've provided as well,
 A large piece of cheese, of most exquisite smell ;
 'Twas so nice, I had put in my head to go through,
 When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you.'

‘ Ah, child ! ’ said the mother, ‘ believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat ;
Do not think all that trouble they took for our good,
They would catch us and kill us all there, if they
could.

Thus they’ve caught and killed scores, and I never
could learn,
That a Mouse who once entered did ever return.’

THE THREE SILVER TROUT.

pro-*tect*’-ed, *guarded*
de-*light*’-ful, *very pleasant*
dis-*con-tent*’-ed, *not satisfied*
com-*plain*’-ing, *grumbling*
ig’-no-*rant*, *unlearned*
know’-ledge, *information*

des-*pi*’-sed, *scorned*
mis’-er-a-*bly*, *unhappily*
un-*der-stood*’, *knew*
con-*ceal*’-ed, *hidden*
pi’-ned, *fretted*

There were three little silver Trout, who lived in a stream of clear water which ran between two green banks. The banks protected it from the wind and storms, and as the sun shone there, it was a very delightful place.

As they had plenty of food, you would have supposed them to be perfectly happy. But, alas ! it was not so. They were so foolish as to be discontented ; and when they were heard complaining, a Fairy appeared to them, and told them that each might wish for whatever he pleased, and it should be granted.

So the first Trout said : ‘ I am tired of moping here in the water ; I should like to have wings to fly in the air, as the birds do.’

The next said : ‘ I am a poor ignorant little fish ; I should like to understand all about hooks and nets, so as to keep out of danger.’

The other little Trout said: 'I, too, am a poor ignorant little fish, and for that reason I do not know what is best for me; my wish is, that a kind Providence would take care of me, and give me just what He sees best for me.'

So the Fairy gave wings to the first, and he was very happy. He liked so much to fly, that he flew away, off—off—off, till he came to a great desert, where there was no water. By this time he was tired of flying, and was faint and thirsty; but he could see no water. He tried to fly farther, but could not; his wings failed, and he fell down panting on the hot sand, where he died most miserably.

And to the second little fish was given knowledge, to understand all kinds of danger; but, instead of being happier, he was always in terror. He was afraid to go into *deep* water, lest the great fishes there should swallow him up; and he was afraid to go into *shallow* water, lest it should dry up and leave him. If he saw a fly, or anything that he would like to eat, he did not venture to touch it, lest there should be a hook concealed under it. So he pined away, and died also.

But the other little Trout was kept from all dangers, so that he was the happiest little Trout that ever lived.

Which of these little fishes was the wisest, and which of them would you desire to be like?

H. Brooke.

CHARLIE AND THE FLOWERS.

sol'-emn, *grave*
 mourn'-ful-ly, *sadly*
 thought'-ful-ly, *in a thought*
 manner
 a-midst', *in the middle of*

re-vive', *to bring back to life*
 guards (v.), *defends*
 heav'-en-ly, *like or belonging*
 to heaven
 end'-less, *without end*

The birds are flown away,
 The flowers are dead and gone ;
 The clouds look cold and grey,
 Around the setting sun.

The trees with solemn sighs
 Their naked branches swing ;
 The winter winds arise,
 And mournfully they sing.

Upon his father's knee
 Was Charlie's happy place,
 And very thoughtfully
 He look'd up in his face ;

And these his simple words :—
 ' Father, how cold it blows !
 What comes of all the birds
 Amidst the storms and snows ? '

' They fly far, far away
 From storms, and snows, and rain,
 But, Charley dear, next May
 They'll all come back again.'

' And will my flowers come too,'
 The little fellow said,
 ' And all be bright and new,
 That now looks cold and dead ? '

‘ O yes, dear ; in the spring
The flowers will all revive,
The birds return and sing,
And all be made alive.’

‘ Who shows the birds the way,
Father, that they must go ;
And brings them back in May,
When there is no more snow ?

‘ And when no flower is seen
Upon the hill and plain,
Who’ll make it all so green,
And bring the flowers again ? ’

‘ My son, there is a Power,
That none of us can see,
Takes care of every flower,
Gives life to every tree.

‘ He through the pathless air
Shows little birds their way ;
And we too are His care—
He guards us day by day.’

‘ Father, when people die
Will they come back in May ? ’
(Tears were in Charlie’s eye),
‘ Will they, dear father ? say.’

‘ No ! they will never come ;
We go to them, my boy,
There in our heavenly home,
To meet in endless joy.’

Upon his father’s knee
Still Charlie kept his place,
And very thoughtfully
He look’d up in his face.

Eliza Follen.

LITTLE CHARLIE AND HIS DOG SHAG.

phys'-ic, *medicine*
 re-mind'-ed, *put in mind*
 prop'-er-ty, *goods, possessions*
 dis-pu'-ted, *disagreed with*
 sup-po'-sed, *thought*

be-ha'-ved, *conducted oneself*
 e-nough', *sufficient*
 be-lieve (v.), *to give credit to, to trust*

Little Charlie was six years old. He had had a garden for two years; but at first it was not very pretty, for he stuck flowers in it without any roots, and of course they soon faded. Then he sowed seeds, but he dug them up so often to see if they were growing that they did not come to much. But this year his eldest sister Mary helped him a little, and showed him what to do; so Charlie had a very nice garden. Round three sides went a gravel walk, and on the other there was a wall, against which there was a currant tree. It never had a large crop of fruit, for as soon as a currant began to look red, Charlie plucked it, and gave it to one of his sisters, or to Shag, his dog.

What! a dog eat currants? Yes, Shag liked fruit as well as any of you do; and I believe he would have taken even physic, if his little master had given it to him. Shag was a very queer dog—ugly enough, with his long light hair and short thick legs; but so clever! By right he was the property of all the children, but he thought himself Charlie's dog, and no one disputed about it with him. He spent a great deal of time in the nursery, and when the children had anything nice Shag had his share. He walked with them, played with them in the garden—really played, for he fetched their balls in his mouth, and ran races, and was the merriest and noisiest of the party; but when Charlie was working in his garden, Shag sat on

the walk and watched him, looking very wise indeed. I think he must have learnt something, as Charlie told him the reason of everything he did ; and at last made him a little garden for himself, with a border of oyster-shells all round it, and some very gay flowers in it, which he was supposed to like.

Shag never went off the path, unless some poor cat came into the garden to look for a bird or a mouse ; and then he rushed at her over the beds, breaking the flowers, and doing sad mischief ; and he never ceased chasing her about till she had made her escape. Charlie very often talked to him about it, and told him it was very rude and cruel, and Shag looked rather sorry. However, he always did the same thing again the first time he had a chance ; so at last, to punish him, Charlie took away his garden and gave it to Pussy ; and the very next day, when she came to look at it, Shag gave her chase, and behaved more like a mad dog than anything else. Charlie was almost angry, but when his sister Rose reminded him that Shag was only three years old, Charlie forgave him, but did not allow him to have his own garden again for a month.

Charlie's garden gave him great pleasure. He had in it rows of mustard and cress, and a bed of radishes, all of which he had raised from seed. Then he had three tiny horse-chestnut trees, and an oak he himself had planted. He had also some crocuses, snowdrops, red and white daisies, primroses, wallflowers, tulips, and a few verbenas and fuchsias, which were put in pots for the winter and taken care of in the house.

In the middle of the garden there was a rose-tree, and at the foot of this a mound—such a little mound, that perhaps it might not have been noticed, if there had not been a tiny white board at the head, in the

shape of a gravestone, and on this was painted, in black letters, POOR ROBIN! This was the grave in which Charlie had buried a poor little redbreast, which he had found lying on the path one morning quite dead.—*Adapted.*

WE ARE SEVEN!

*clus'-ter-ed, gathered in bunch-
es*

won'-der-ing, being surprised

*an'-swer-ed, made answer
re-liev'-ed, eased*

Con-way, a town in N. Wales

I met a little cottage girl ;

She was eight years old, she said ;

Her hair was thick with many a curl

That cluster'd round her head.

' Sisters and brothers, little maid,

How many may you be ?'

' How many ? Seven in all,' she said,

And, wondering, look'd at me.

' And where are they ? I pray you tell.'

She answered, ' Seven are we ;

And two of us at Conway dwell,

And two are gone to sea ;

' Two of us in the churchyard lie,

My sister and my brother ;

And in the churchyard cottage, I

Dwell near them with my mother.'

' You say that two at Conway dwell,

And two are gone to sea,

Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,

Sweet maid, how this may be ?'

Then did the little maid reply :

' Seven boys and girls are we ;

Two of us in the churchyard lie,

Beneath the churchyard tree.'

- ‘ You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.’
- ‘ Their graves are green, they may be seen,’
The little maid replied ;
- ‘ Twelve steps or more from mother’s door,
And they are side by side.
- ‘ My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.
- ‘ The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God relieved her of her pain,
And then she went away.
- ‘ So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.
- ‘ And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.’
- ‘ How many are you, then,’ said I,
‘ If they two are in heaven ?’
The little maiden did reply,
‘ O Master ! we are seven.’
- ‘ But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven.’
’Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, ‘ Nay, we are seven !’

Wordsworth.

THE MONKEY.

scam'-pers, *runs off quickly*
 self'-ish, *not caring for others*
 im'-i-tate, *to do a thing like*
another

no'-ti-ced, *observed*
 en'-si-ly, *with ease*
 e'-qual-ly, *in the same degree*

The Monkey is a very funny fellow, and I dare say you have seen him very often. He lives wild in hot countries, where he climbs the trees, and swings from branch to branch in fine style. His feet are like hands, and he can use them very nimbly. Sometimes he makes good use of his tail too, for he can twist it round the branch of a tree, and swing by it; or he can pick up fruit from the ground with it. His face is more like a man's than any other animal's is, and he can walk upright on his hind-legs very easily. He does not live alone, but with a lot of other Monkeys, who rob the gardens, orchards, and cornfields, when they cannot find enough fruit in the woods.

When they want to plunder an orchard, they go at night and stand in a line, the first being in the orchard and the last in the wood. Then Monkey number one plucks the fruit as fast as he can, and passes it to Monkey number two; Monkey number two passes it to Monkey number three; Monkey number three passes it to Monkey number four, and so on till it gets to the last. He makes a heap of all he gets, and when they have got enough, they divide it equally. But they are very careful lest they should be caught, so they always have two or three sharp old fellows on the high trees near, looking out for danger. If they see anyone coming, they give the alarm to the others, and every one scampers off as fast as he can. Don't you call that clever?

In some of the countries where Monkeys live,

cocoa-nut trees grow. Now these trees are high, and very hard to climb ; so the men cannot easily get at the nuts. What do you think they do ? Why, they pelt the Monkeys in the trees with stones. This the Monkeys don't like at all, so they pluck off the cocoa-nuts, and throw them at the men, as hard and as fast as they can. Of course the men have to take care they do not get struck, for it would not be at all pleasant to get a rap on the head with one of them. When the Monkeys have thrown down as many as the men want, they pick them up and carry them home.

Monkeys imitate almost everything they see people do, and sometimes come to grief. Some sailors once caught a young one, and brought him away in their ship. He soon became very tame, and used to run about the deck, and into the rigging, and play all sorts of tricks. One day he saw the men fire off a large gun, and, I suppose, noticed the flash and the smoke come out. Next day he thought he would like to do the same pretty trick. So, when all the sailors were out of sight, he put a lighted fuse to one of the guns, and went to the muzzle to see where the flash and smoke and noise came from. Bang ! went the gun, and poor Monkey was blown to pieces.

One day a gentleman, who kept a Cat and a Monkey in his house, heard the Cat crying very much, as if in pain. So he opened the door of the room where the sound came from, and there he saw the Monkey roasting chestnuts, and using the Cat's paw to pull them out of the fire with, when they were done. No wonder Pussy cried, for her paw was burnt very much, and she could not get away from the selfish Monkey.—*Editors.*

A DROP IN THE OCEAN.

(A Persian Fable.)

murk'-y, *dark, not clear*
 main, *the ocean*
 sound, *to measure depth*
 un-fath'-om-ed, *not sounded*
 where'-fore, *why*
 ex-ist'-ence, *being*
 un-heed'-ed, *not noticed*
 out'-cast, *one cast out*
 con-ceal'-ed, *hidden*

di'-a-dem, *a crown*
 ab'-ject, *mean, worthless*
 ig'-no-rant, *without knowledge*
 a-light', *to fall upon*
 in'-flu-ence, *power*
 pru'-dent, *cautious*
 a-dorn', *to ornament*
 sphere, *place in the world*
 gem, *a precious stone*

The day was dull, and overhead
 Full many a murky cloud was spread ;
 From one that overhung the main,
 There fell a single Drop of rain,
 Which, lost in that unfathomed bed,
 Thus to herself complaining said :
 ' Ah ! wherefore was existence given,
 To such a useless thing as I ?
 Outcast alike from earth and heaven,
 Useless I live, unheeded die.'

An Oyster caught, with open shell,
 The Drop complaining, as it fell ;
 And there concealed for many a day,
 And many a month, the raindrop lay ;
 Till, after years and ages past,
 'Twas hardened to a Pearl at last ;
 The Pearl was found, and now the gem
 Adorns the Persian diadem.

Learn hence, ye modest, hence ye meek,
 Ye abject, ignorant, and weak,
 Though slight your power, small your sense,
 Your wealth, your worth, your influence,
 With humble faith and prudent care,
 You may adorn your proper sphere ;
 And, having run your race, be then,
 In Mercy's crown a living gem.

THE PARTRIDGE.

plu'-mage, *feathers*
 pro-tect', *to defend*
 cov'-ey, *a number of birds to-*
 gether
 des-pair', *loss of hope*
 dif'-fer-ent, *not the same*

en'-e-mies, *foes*
 en-ti'-ced, *attracted*
 ex-act'-ly, *precisely*
 in'-stant-ly, *directly*
 brace, *a pair, two*

The Partridge is a bird which is known nearly all over the world, in hot as well as in cold countries. There are many different sorts of this bird, but all are used for food.

In Greenland the Partridge, which is brown in summer, becomes quite white as winter draws near, and is then clothed with a warm down beneath its feathers. Thus it is doubly fitted for the place by the warmth and colour of its plumage—the one to protect it from the cold, and the other to prevent its being seen by its enemies.

On the shores of Hudson's Bay, in the winter season, thousands of Partridges may be seen feeding on the willow-tops peeping above the surface of the snow. They shelter and roost by burrowing beneath it; and, to escape from danger, will even dive under it as a duck does in water, and rise again at a distance of many yards.

In this country it is very fond of cornfields, where it makes its nest on the ground. A family of Partridges is called a covey.

The female bird is very fond of her young ones, and does all she can to protect them from harm. When a dog or any other animal of which she is afraid comes near, she uses every means to draw him away from her nest. She keeps just before him, pretends she cannot fly, just hops up, and then falls

down before him ; but does not go right away until she has enticed him some distance from her nest. Then she takes wing, and fairly leaves him to gaze after her in despair. After the danger is over, and the dog gone, she calls her young ones, who come running up, and follow where she leads them. There are from ten to fifteen in a covey ; and, if left alone, they live from fifteen to seventeen years.

A brace of Partridges once made their nest in a field, and as scarcely anyone ever came into it, they thought it a very safe place. When sixteen eggs had been laid in it, the hen-bird began to sit on them, to hatch them by the warmth of her body. She had sat for a long time, when some men came into the field with horses and ploughs, and set to work. They began at the farther end of the field, but soon they came nearer and nearer, till one of the horses almost stepped on the careful patient mother, who did not fly off till then. But even when there was so much danger, she did not desert her nest, for she came back again instantly. The plough passed on, and in about twenty minutes returned, making a furrow exactly in a line with the nest; and now you will think the poor Partridge must perish with her eggs. No! The nest was there indeed, but it was empty. The hen and her mate had carried off every one of the eggs, and placed them in a new nest under a hedge. There the hen sat on them for a few days longer, when fifteen of them were hatched, and got off safe and sound ; but they never knew what trouble and care their poor mother had felt for them.

In this country Partridges are sometimes caught in nets, and at others shot. Men use dogs called *setters* to find where the birds are. As soon as a setter sees a covey, he crouches down and looks at them, till his master catches or shoots them.—*Editor.*

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

war'-ble, to sing sweetly
 sphere, a globe, the world
 lay, a song, a hymn
 erys'-tal, made of, or like,
 glass
 con'-stant, faithful
 ca-reer'-ing, moving rapidly

vig'-our, strength
 re-ly', to rest on, to put trust
 in
 swerve; to turn aside from
 one's course
 un-plume, to take off the fea-
 thers, or make them useless

What is that, mother?

The Lark, my child!

The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
 When he starts from his grassy nest,
 And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays

Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise!

What is that, mother?

The Dove, my son!

And that low sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
 Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
 Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
 As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
 For her distant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the Dove;

In friendship as faithful, as constant in love!

What is that, mother?

The Eagle, boy!

Proudly careering his course of joy;
 Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,
 Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying:
 His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
 He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy, may the Eagle's flight ever be thine,

Onward and upward, and true to the line!

What is that, mother?

The Swan, my love!

He is floating down from his native grove,
 No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
 He is floating down by himself to die;
 Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
 Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
 Swanlike and sweet, it may waft thee home!

G. W. Doane.

THE ELEPHANT.

know'-ledge, *learning*
 rare'-ly, *seldom*
 sin'-gu-lar, *unlike others*
 dis-charge'-as, *forces out*
 do-mes'-tic, *relating to home*

diff'-fi-cult, *hard to do*
 en-clo'-sure, *a place fenced*
 round
 do'-cile, *gentle, teachable*
 in'-struct, *to teach*

The Elephant is the largest land animal of which we have any knowledge. It is many times thicker than an ox, and grows to the height of eleven or twelve feet. Its strength, as we may well suppose, is very great; but it is, at the same time, so very gentle, that it rarely does hurt to anything, even in the woods where it lives. It does not eat flesh, but lives upon fruits and branches of trees. But what is most singular about its make is, that, instead of a nose, it has a long hollow piece of flesh, which grows over its mouth to the length of three or four feet. This is called its trunk, and it is able to bend it in all directions. When the Elephant wants to break off the branch of a tree, it twists its trunk round one, and snaps it off directly; when it wants to drink, it lets its trunk down into the water, sucks up several gallons at a time, and then, doubling the end of it

back, discharges it full into its mouth. Beside the trunk, the male Elephant has on each side of its mouth a large tusk, which is of great value as Ivory.

You may, perhaps, think that the Elephant is so strong it cannot be tamed ; and it would be difficult to tame it, did not men instruct those already tamed to help in catching others. This is the way they do it—

When they have found a forest where these animals resort, they make a large enclosure with strong pales and a deep ditch, leaving only one entrance to it, which has a strong gate left open on purpose. They then let loose one or two of the tame ones ; these join the wild ones, and by degrees entice them into the enclosure. As soon as one of these has come in, the gate is shut. The animal, finding himself thus caught in a trap, begins to grow savage, and attempts to escape ; but directly, two tame ones, of the largest size and greatest strength, who have been placed there on purpose, come up to him, one on each side, and beat him till he becomes more quiet. A man then comes behind, ties a very large cord to each of its hind-legs, and fastens the other end of it to two large trees. He is then left without food for some hours, and in that time becomes so docile, as to suffer himself to be led to the stable, where he lives the rest of his life like a horse or any other domestic animal.

Very many interesting anecdotes are told of the sagacity of the Elephant, some of which I will relate to you in a future lesson.—*Editor*.

THE CHILD AND THE ROBIN.

a-dorn', to dress gaily
need, to want
ruf-fle, to make rough
pant'-ing, beating fast
long, to wish earnestly
lib'-er-ty, freedom
pris'-on-er, one shut up in
prison
gay, cheerful
'neath, beneath
sun'-lit, lighted by the sun

notes, sounds in music
pine, to grieve for
per-mis'-sion, leave
health'-y, full of health
re-gard', to look at
cap'-tive, a prisoner
re-joice', to be glad
ap-prove', to be pleased with
kind'-ly, full of kindness
spread, to stretch out

'Dear mother, pray look up, and see
 This pretty bird James caught for me ;
 Its wings are brown, its breast is red,
 And large black eyes adorn its head.
 It does not move, but lies so still,
 I almost fear it must be ill.

'See ! here is orange, cake, and figs,
 And a warm nest of moss and twigs,
 A cup of water, and some seed ;
 What more, dear mother, can it need ?
 Why should my little bird lie still,
 And ruffled up ?—Can it be ill ?'

'Your little bird,' the mother said,
 'All lowly hangs its pretty head,
 The while its panting heart beats high,
 Because it longs for liberty ;
 And treat it kindly as you may,
 You cannot make your pris'ner gay.

'God made the little birds to fly
 In freedom 'neath the sunlit sky ;
 God gave them joyful notes to raise,
 In songs of thankfulness and praise ;

But little birds oft pine and die
When they have lost their liberty.'

'Mother, will you permission give
For me to try to make it live?
I think my little bird is strong
And healthy, though it seems so young ;
Indeed, I really love it so,
I could not bear to let it go.'

'My child, the Saviour from above
Regards each living thing with love,
And if you wish to be His child,
You must be tender, gentle, mild :
Prove that you are so ; let me see
That you can set your captive free.'

'I would not vex my God on high,
So, little Birdie, you may fly
There in the sunlight, so that we
May see you perch on yonder tree.
One kiss—now, little bird, be gay,
For you are going to fly away.'

The little bird spread wide its wings,
And soon a song of joy it sings,
The while it flies from tree to tree,
Rejoicing in its liberty :
And smiles chase Lilly's tears away,
Because she sees her bird is gay,
And knows that God, who lives above,
A kindly action will approve.

Sunday at Home.

ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

ac-quaint'-ance, *knowledge*
 quench'-ed, *put out*
 col-lect'-ed, *gathered*
 quan'-ti-ty, *a portion*
 cour'-age, *boldness*

dis-char'-ged, *forced out*
 ac'-ci-dent, *something not ex-
 pected*
 pas'-sion-ate, *expressing great
 feeling*

There was at Surat, a city in India, where many Elephants are kept, a tailor, who used to sit and work in his shed, close to the place to which these Elephants were led every night to drink. This man made a kind of acquaintance with one of the largest of these beasts, and used to present him with fruits and other things; every time the Elephant passed the door.

The Elephant used to put his long trunk into the window, and receive in that manner what his friend chose to give. But one day the tailor happened to be in a very ill-humour, and (not thinking how full of danger it might prove to provoke an animal of that size and strength) when the Elephant put his trunk in at the window as usual, instead of giving him anything to eat, he pricked him with a needle.

The Elephant instantly withdrew his trunk, and, without showing any marks of resentment, went on with the rest to drink. But, after he had quenched his thirst, he collected a large quantity of the dirtiest water he could find, in his trunk, which, as you have been already told, is able to hold many gallons. When he passed by the tailor's shop on his return, he discharged it full in his face, with so true an aim that he wetted him all over, and almost drowned him. Thus was the tailor justly punished for his ill-nature.

One day a very large Elephant, being seized with a sudden fit of passion, broke loose; and as the keeper was not in the way, nobody was able to appease him,

or dared to come near him. While he was running about in this manner, he chanced to see the wife of his keeper with her young child in her arms, with which she was trying to escape from his fury. The woman did her best to get away, but finding herself unable to do so, she turned about, and threw her child on the ground before the Elephant. She then spoke to him as follows :—‘Have we taken care of you during so many years that you may at last destroy us all? Crush, then, this poor child and me, in return for all the services we have done you!’

While she was speaking these passionate words, the Elephant came near to the place where the infant lay. But instead of trampling upon him or hurting him, he stopped short and looked at him earnestly, as if he had been sensible of shame and confusion. His fury from that instant abating, he suffered himself to be led quietly into the stable.—*Editors.*

THE FLOWERS AT NIGHT.

weep, to shed tears
glis'-ten-ing, sparkling
flow'-er-et, a little flower
gath'-er-ing, collecting
cease, to leave off

re-fresh'-ing, making fresh
glit'-ter-ing, shining
pearl'-y, like pearls
slum'-ber, sleep
dis-play', to show

‘Mamma,’ said little Isabel,
‘While I am fast asleep,
The pretty grass and lovely flowers
Do nothing else but weep ;
For every morning when I wake,
The glistening tear-drops lie
Upon each tiny blade of grass,
And in each floweret’s eye.
I wonder why the grass and flowers
At night become so sad ;

For early through their tears they smile,
 And seem all day so glad.
 Perhaps 'tis when the sun goes down
 They fear the gathering shade,
 And that is why they cry at night,
 Because they are afraid.
 Mamma, if I should go and tell
 The pretty grass and flowers
 About God's watchful love and care
 Through the dark midnight hours,
 I think they would no longer fear,
 But cease at night to weep ;
 And then, perhaps, they'd bow their heads,
 And gently go to sleep.'
 'What seemeth tears to you, my child,
 Is the refreshing dew
 Our Heavenly Father sendeth down,
 Each morn and evening new.
 The glittering drops of pearly dew
 Are to the grass and flowers
 What slumber through the silent night
 Is to this life of ours.
 Thus God remembers all His works
 That He in love has made ;
 O'er all His watchfulness and care
 Are night and day displayed.'

Children's Paper.

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS.

com-plain-ing, *grumbling*
 in-chi'-ned, *disposed to*
 seem'-ing-ly, *as it seems*
 whis'-per-ed, *spoke softly*

scam-per-ing, *running off*
 very fast.
 sur-pri'-sed, *astonished*
 con-clu'-sions, *decisions*

'They're going to hang Snap,' said Frisk, my lady's pet spaniel, as he stood wagging his tail.

on the top of the kitchen-steps looking out into the yard.'

'Well, who'd have thought it!' said Growler. 'But I'm not surprised. When I reflect, that's what master and the groom were talking of yesterday, no doubt, for they looked at him.'

'They're measuring his neck for a rope,' said Frisk, scampering off.

'Snap's going to be hanged,' said Growler to Tray.

'Indeed! Well, I thought he looked very low-spirited all day yesterday. I'm not surprised at all: but are you sure?'

'Oh, I fancy he has the rope round his neck already.'

'Only think of Snap!' said Tray to Lion, the large Newfoundland dog.

'What about him?' said Lion, seemingly more inclined to think of something else.

'Going to be hanged,—that's all!'

'And enough too,' said Lion. 'When?'

'Oh, I doubt if he isn't hanged already; I fancy the rope was about his neck some time ago.'

'Poor fellow! What's it for?'

'I can't exactly tell. The groom's been complaining of him to the master, I believe, from what Mr. Growler says.'

'I thought he was a great favourite.'

'Ah! but we've all seen a great change lately.'

'When did you notice it?'

'I don't know that it was spoken of till this morning; but anyone might have seen it long ago.'

'I never saw it.'

At this moment Snap ran into the yard with a new collar on.

‘Hey, what’s this?’ said Lion, as Snap trotted from one to another to show his finery; while Frisk looked down from the top of the steps, and whispered rather sheepishly to Growler, ‘Who’d have thought they were measuring him for a new collar!’—*Leisure Hour.*

GOOD-BYE, LITTLE BIRD!

good-bye, *God be with you*
 quart'-ers, *one's home*
 hie, *to hasten*
 strew, *to scatter*
 war'-ble, *to sing sweetly*
 blast, *a gust of wind*
 plu'-mage, *feathers*
 speed, *to prosper*
 pro-tect', *to guard*
 song'-ster, *one who sings*

me-thinks', *it seems to me*
 lay, *a song*
 fare-well', *good-bye*
 strain, *a tune*
 au'-tumn, *the season after*
 summer
 sleep'-er, *one who sleeps*
 ven'-tu-rous, *bold*
 o'er, *over*
 'neath, *beneath*

Have you come, little Birdie, to bid me good-bye,
 Ere off to your warm winter quarters you hie;
 To pick up the crumbs that I've strewn round the
 door,
 And warble your thanks from the tree-top once
 more?

The busy Bee's murmur no longer is heard,
 The Butterfly's gone, and the bright Hummingbird;
 And this, merry songster, methinks is your lay,
 'Good-bye, little maiden, I too must away!'

Farewell, little Bird! I shall listen in vain,
 To hear the glad notes of your wild warbling strain,
 Till the rude blasts of autumn and winter are o'er,
 And the voice of the spring-time invites you once
 more.

I shall miss your bright presence the whole winter
 long,
 Your beautiful plumage, your gay cheerful song,
 That seemed 'neath my window each morning to
 be,
 'Wake up, little sleeper, and come forth with me.'

God speed you, sweet Bird, in your venturous flight,
 Protect you from danger, by day and by night,
 And bring you in safety, when winter is o'er,
 To your beautiful home in the forest once more !

THE MAGIC BOOK.

(A FAIRY TALE.)

fright'-en-ed, *filled with fear*
 bril'-li-ant, *shining, sparkling*
 re-flect'-ed, *thought*
 ob'-jects, *something on which*
 the attention is fixed

de-cla'-ed, *said*
 dis-ap-pear'-ed, *vanished*
 loung'-ing, *idling*
 re-pli'-ed, *made answer*

Edward, a little boy six years old, was one day strolling about the garden, eating a large crust of bread ; he threw himself on the grass, and lay idly basking in the sun.

All at once there appeared before him a beautiful Fairy, whose name was Instruction. Her dress shone with the brilliant colours of the rainbow, and she wore a crown of flowers on her head. In one hand she held a silver wand, with which she could perform wonderful things ; and in the other a book, the leaves of which were all made of looking-glass, and which was no less wonderful than the wand.

The Fairy smiled, and looked so good-humouredly on Edward, that, instead of being frightened, he was quite pleased. She then opened and showed him her book.

In the first page he saw himself and everything around him reflected, as you do in a common looking-glass ; but the other pages were of a very wonderful nature, for they reflected objects which were quite out of sight, and even in the most remote parts of the world. In one page he beheld lions and tigers, in Africa, roaming about in search of prey. Edward shrunk back, half frightened at seeing them move and look as though they were alive ; but the Fairy explained to him that it was only the image of a wild beast, just as the image of his face was shown on the first page.

She then turned over another leaf, and Edward saw a large elephant in India, tearing up a young tree by the roots with his trunk. In another page she showed him the monkeys, climbing up the trees in the woods, in America, and hanging by their tails to the branches, gibbering and pelting each other with nuts ; while the parrots, with their gaudy plumage, flew about as common as sparrows do here.

Edward begged of her to show him a few more of the looking-glass leaves, and declared he had never seen any picture-book half so pretty as this ; but the Fairy said there were so many children wanting to see it, that she could not stay with him any longer.

‘O dear!’ cried Edward, ‘what shall I do when you are gone, and nothing to amuse me?’

‘You seemed very well amused before I came,’ said the Fairy, ‘lounging as you were on the grass, and eating your crust of bread.’

‘So I was,’ replied Edward ; ‘but since you have shown me that pretty book, I shall do nothing but

long to see it again ; I don't care for the crust of bread any longer.'

'Well,' said the Fairy, 'I will make you care for your bread again. I will give the bread the power of speaking, and it shall tell you its history, from beginning to end ; will not that amuse you ?'

'Yes, indeed it will,' replied Edward ; 'it will be so strange !'

'Take care to hold it to your ear, and not to your mouth,' said the Fairy, smiling ; then waving her wand over the bread, she disappeared.

BE KIND.

ac'-cents, *tones of the voice*

in'-no-cent, *harmless*

locks, *hairs of the head*

min'-gle, *to mix*

fee'-ble, *weak*

fear'-less, *without fear*

brow, *the forehead*

cher'-ish, *to take care of*

re-mem'-ber, *to keep in mind*

cheer, *to make cheerful*

dearth, *want*

with-draw', *to take away*

fade, *to grow weak*

af-fec'-tion, *love*

tra'-ces, *marks*

sis'-ter-ly, *like a sister*

fath'-om, *six feet in depth*

path'-way, *a road*

gar'-land, *a crown of flowers*

re-nown', *fame*

Be kind to thy Father, for when thou wast young,

Who loved thee so fondly as he ?

He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,

And joined in thy innocent glee.

Be kind to thy Father, for now he is old,

His locks they are mingled with grey,

His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold ;

Thy Father is passing away !

Be kind to thy Mother, for lo ! on her brow

May traces of sorrow be seen ;

Oh ! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,

For loving and kind she hath been.

Remember thy Mother ; for thee she will pray,
 As long as God giveth her breath ;
 With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
 E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy Brother ; his heart will have dearth,
 If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn ;
 The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
 If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy Brother wherever you are ;
 The love of a brother shall be
 An ornament purer and richer by far
 Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy Sister ; not many may know
 The depth of true sisterly love ;
 The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
 The surface that sparkles above.

Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
 And blessings thy pathway to crown ;
 Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
 More precious than wealth or renown.

THE CRUST OF BREAD.

(A FAIRY TALE CONCLUDED.)

re-mem'-ber, to bear in mind
 scarce'-ly, hardly
 fright'-ful, very ugly, causing
 fear
 sick'-le, a reaping-hook
 sheaves, bundles of corn

thresh'-ers, men who thresh
 corn
 knead'-ed, beaten together so
 as to mix thoroughly
 hith'-er, to this place
 plough'-ed, turned up with the
 plough

Edward took up the bread and held it to his ear,
 but started back with surprise, when he heard a small
 gentle voice speak as follows :—

‘The first thing I can remember was when I was

only a grain of corn, lying in a large room with a great many other grains. We remained there a long time, when one day a man came and took out a quantity of us. He put us in a sack, and carried us to a field that had just been ploughed; and there he took us out of the sack, a handful at a time, and strewed us on the ground.'

'That was sowing corn,' said Edward.

'I shall never forget,' pursued the Bread, 'how sweet and fresh the newly-ploughed earth smelt. After I had been lying here some time, there came a flight of crows, who began to pick up the grains of corn within their reach. But some men came and soon drove them away. Then there was a shower of rain; and some of the drops fell upon me, which forced me into the earth. I stayed here some time; but I found that I began to swell, and grow so large that, at last, my skin could not hold me; so it burst open, and out there came, at one end, a little tuft of small roots scarcely larger than hairs. These struck into the ground, and grew downwards; at the other end there came out some tiny green stalks, which grew above the ground, looking at first like blades of grass; but they soon grew taller and taller, and stronger and stronger; and at length a few long leaves, like those of grass, grew on the sides of each stalk, and at the top appeared a beautiful ear of corn. Then, when the hot weather came, the sun turned us as yellow as gold, and the wind blew us about with the other ears of corn that grew in the same field, until one day a number of men came with some sickles, and cut us all down.'

'Those were the reapers,' said Edward.

'We were then bound up in sheaves, and set upright on the ground, leaning one against the other for support. After we had stayed here a few days

and nights, we were taken to the rick-yard to be stacked. After a time a number of men came again and pulled us down; and, spreading us upon the floor of the barn, began beating us without mercy.'

'Those were the threshers,' said Edward.

'Well,' said the Crust, 'these hard blows drove us all out of the ears in which we grew. The stalks were then nothing but straw. They put us into a flat basket, and shook us about till the chaff was all blown away, and nothing but grains were left. Here was I, then, turned from one grain into, I do believe, more than a hundred. The next thing done to us was to send us to the mill to be ground into flour. After that we were sent to the baker, who mixed us with water and yeast, and made us into a piece of dough. He then kneaded us well, put us into an oven to bake, and we came out part of the loaf of bread which the baker's boy brought hither to-day to be eaten.'

At the last word the voice failed; the power of the Fairy's wand was at an end. Edward, finding the bread quite silent, took it from his ear, put it into his mouth, and ate it up.—*Adapted from Mr. Marcet.*

THE WONDERFUL PUDDING.

ma-te'-ri-als, the substances of
 which things are made
 punc-tu-al', exact to the time
 la'-bour-ed, worked
 har-row'-ed, broken with the
 harrow
 smelt'-ers, persons engaged in
 melting ore

saw'-yers, those employed in
 sawing wood
 car'-pen-ter, those engaged in
 making up wood
 col'-li-ers, diggers of coals
 cul'-ti-vate, to attend to and
 improve the productions of
 the earth
 ma-chine', an engine

Our uncle Robert came to us, and invited us to dinner. He promised to give us a pudding the

materials of which had employed more than a thousand men!

‘A pudding that has taken a thousand men to make! Then it must be as large as a church!’

‘Well, my boys,’ said Uncle Robert, ‘to-morrow at dinner-time you shall see it.’

Scarcely had we taken our breakfast the next day, when we prepared to go to our uncle’s house.

When we arrived there, we were surprised to see everything as calm and quiet as usual.

At last we sat down to table. The first course was removed; our eyes were eagerly fixed on the door. In came the pudding! It was a plum-pudding of the usual kind—not a bit larger.

‘This is not the pudding that you promised us,’ said my brother.

‘It is, indeed,’ said Uncle Robert.

‘Oh, uncle! you do not mean to say that more than a thousand men have helped to make that little pudding?’

‘Eat some of it first, my boy; and then take your slate and pencil, and help me to count the workmen,’ said Uncle Robert.

‘Now,’ said Uncle Robert, ‘to make this pudding we must first have flour, and how many people must have laboured to procure it! The ground must have been ploughed, and sowed, and harrowed, and reaped. To make the plough, miners, smelters, and smiths, woodcutters, sawyers, and carpenters, must have laboured. The leather of the harness for the horses had to be tanned and prepared for the harness-maker. Then we have the builders of the mill; the men who quarried the millstones, and made the machine-work of the mill.

‘Then think of the plums, the lemon-peel, the

spices, the sugar: all these come from distant countries, and to get them hither ships, shipbuilders, sailmakers, sailors, growers, merchants, and grocers, have been employed.

‘Then we require eggs, milk, and suet.’

‘Oh, stop, stop, uncle!’ cried I, ‘I am sure you have counted a thousand!’

‘I have not reckoned all, my child. We must cook the pudding, and then we must reckon colliers who bring us coal, miners who dig for tin and iron for the saucepan; then there is the linen of the cloth it was wrapped in. To make this we must reckon those who cultivate the flax, and gather it, and card it, and spin it, and weave it, and all the workmen to make the looms and machines.’

Robert and I both said we were quite satisfied that there were more than a thousand men employed.
—*Play Hour.*

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

ge'-ni-us, *a gifted person*
drudg'-ing, *toiling.*
hol'-low, *completely*
out-strip', *to beat in a race*
o-ra'-tion, *a set speech*
in-dig-na'-tion, *anger*
vent, *to let out*
dire, *dreadful*
de-fy', *to challenge*
de-ni'-al, *refusal*

lag, *to loiter*
jeer'-ing, *mocking*
prith'-ee, *I pray thee*
taunt, *to insult*
per-se-vere', *to go on steadily*
goal, *end of a racecourse*
vic'-tor, *one who conquers*
awk'-ward, *clumsy*
bur'-den, *a load*
se-cure'-ly, *safely*

A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighbouring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd
(For geniuses are often proud).
He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow;

Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation :
' O Puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace
When I defy thee in the race.
Come, 'tis a match ; nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial.'

'Twas settled, and to start they met,
Judges prepared, and distance set.
The scampering Hare outstripped the wind ;
The creeping Tortoise lagged behind,
And scarce had passed a single pole
When Puss had almost reached the goal.
' Friend Tortoise,' quoth the jeering Hare,
' Your burden's more than you can bear ;
To help your speed it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell.
Jog on a little faster, prithee ;
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.'

The Tortoise heard its taunting jeer,
But still resolved to persevere,
On to the goal securely crept,
While Puss, unknowing, soundly slept.
The race was won, the Hare awoke,
When thus the victor Tortoise spoke :
' Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not *always* done by starts :
You may deride my awkward pace,
But *slow* and *steady* wins the race !'

Lloyd.

THE FRETFUL FIR-TREE.

(PART I.)

sur-vey', to look on
shnd'-der, to tremble with fear
or cold

Christ'-mas, the 25th of De-
cember

jour'-ney, the going from one
place to another by land

dec'-o-rate, to ornament

en-twine', to twist around
span'-gled, covered with things
that glitter

sock'-et, the part of a candle-
stick in which the candle is
placed

crash, to fall with a great noise

A pretty little Fir-tree once grew in a German forest. He had a capital place, which was open to the sunshine and the air; the soil suited him, and around him grew many of his taller and stronger brothers and sisters. But none of these things had any value in the eyes of the little Fir-tree—he only wished to grow tall. ‘I wish I were tall,’ said he; ‘then I should be able to stretch out my branches so far, and lift my head so high, as to take a survey of the wide world around me.’

In the autumn, the woodcutters came and felled some of the larger trees; and the young Fir, which had now grown to a good height, felt a shudder run through him, for some of his handsome brothers and sisters fell crashing to the earth; their boughs were hewn away, and they were put upon waggons made for the purpose, and taken out of the wood. ‘Where can they be going?’ said the little Fir-tree to himself.

In the spring, when the Storks and Swallows came home from their winter-quarters in the sunny South, the little Fir-tree said to them, ‘Did you meet the tall firs on the way?’ ‘I met,’ replied a stork, ‘a great number of ships as I flew hither from Egypt; in those ships I saw stately masts, and I’ll be bound

they were some of your brothers and sisters, for they had the smell of firs about them.' 'O, if I were but tall enough to sail across the sea!' said the little Fir-tree.

When Christmas drew near, quite young trees were cut down—trees that were neither so tall nor so old as this fretful Fir-tree, that was always wishing to be off. These young trees, with all their branches on, were carefully placed in waggons, and drawn away out of the wood.

'Where can they be going?' said the Fir-tree.

'We know—we know,' chirped the Sparrows and the Robins. 'We have peeped in at the windows of the fine houses, and seen young firs planted straight upright in the middle of nice warm rooms, and decked out with such fine things—apples, oranges, bon-bons, pretty toys, and hundreds of candles of all colours ready for lighting.'

'That is better than sailing across the sea,' shouted the joyful Fir-tree; 'how I long to be among them! O! to think of a nice long ride in the waggon, and then to be planted in the middle of a warm room with all those fine things hanging on one; and there must be something better after all than that, or else, why should they deck one out so?'

The little Fir-tree grew taller and taller, and next year, at Christmas-time, he was cut down first of all. The axe cut through to the marrow, and the tree fell to the earth with a sigh. He felt a pain and a faintness so great that he could not think of being happy then. He felt sad, too, at leaving his home, the spot where he had grown up so fairly; and he began to fear he would never see his old friends again, the little bushes and flowers that grew around, and perhaps not even the birds.

The journey on the waggon had nothing pleasant or cheering about it; nor did the little Fir-tree come to himself till, after being lifted out, he heard a man say, 'This is a nice one—this will do.' He was now carried into a fine drawing-room, and placed in a large tub filled with sand; but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was hung all round with laurel and ivy, and stood on a gay carpet. Soon, both the servants and the ladies of the house began to decorate it. They fixed apples and oranges and bon-bons upon it; and more than a hundred little candles, red, blue, yellow, white, green, and mauve, were hung on its branches, in bright little candlesticks that looked like silver. Dolls, flags, and other toys were entwined with his green leaves, and at the top of all shone a spangled gold-star. Next, the candles were lighted, and how bright, how beautiful it was! All the branches of the little Fir-tree fairly danced for joy.

But, behold, the folding-doors were thrown open, and a troop of merry, rosy, laughing children rushed in. They danced round the tree, and shouted and sang, till the candles burnt down to their sockets and were put out. Then the children drew lots for the fruit and toys, which were cut off one by one and given out, till nothing was left on him but the drops of wax from the candles, and the bits of string with which the things had been tied on, and the gold-star at the top. At last, the children became weary of their sport, and tired of the tree, and were taken away to bed. No one thought about the little Fir except the old nurse, who came and peeped among the branches to see if an apple or an orange had been forgotten.

THE FRETFUL FIR-TREE.

(PART II.)

gar'-ret, *the highest room in a house*
 dis'-mal, *dull*
 pan'-try, *a place where pans, &c. are kept*
 ceil'-ing, *the top of a room*

trel'-lis-work, *strips of wood nailed across one another for plants to climb*
 per'-fume, *a sweet scent*
 glit'-ter, *to shine*

In the morning the footman and the housemaid came into the drawing-room. 'Now,' thought the tree, 'my fine dress is going to be put on again.' But they carried him out of the room, up the stairs, to the garret, and there they placed him in a dark corner, where the daylight never shone. 'What can this mean?—what am I to do here?' thought the tree; and he leaned against the wall, thinking and thinking. Time enough he had to do so too, for days and weeks passed away, and yet no one came near him. 'It must be winter now,' thought the tree; 'the earth is hard and covered with snow; men cannot plant me, so most likely I am to stay here under shelter till the spring comes. How very thoughtful that is of them! How good men are! Though I wish it was not quite so dark and dismal up here.'

'Pip, pip!' said a little mouse, as he popped out of his hole, and snuffed at the Fir-tree; 'can you tell me how to get to the pantry, where cheese lies on the shelves, and hams are hanging from the ceiling; where you can go in lean, and come out fat? Can you tell me this, you old Fir-tree?'

'I am not old,' said the Fir-tree, 'and I don't know anything about the pantry; but I know the

forest very well, where the sun shines, and the little birds sing.'

'You are a stupid old tree,' said the little mouse, and went back to his hole.

The next night two rats came. 'We are terribly hungry,' said the rats; 'do you know where we shall find bacon, or tallow candles, you old Fir-tree?'

'I am not old,' said the tree, 'and I don't know what bacon is.'

'Then good luck to you!' replied the rats; and, so saying, they went back to their friends.

But the Fir-tree was not to be always a prisoner. One morning people came to set things to-rights in the garret; and, finding the tree there, they pulled him out, and dragged him downstairs into the daylight. 'Now life begins again,' thought the tree, for he felt the fresh air and the first beams of the sun. Presently he was in the yard, leaning against the wall and looking into the garden, where everything was in bloom. The roses hung over the light trelliswork, full of freshness and perfume; the linden-trees were in blossom, and the swallows flew about singing.

'Now I shall begin life again,' cried the Fir-tree; and he stretched out his branches. But, alas! they were all dry and yellow, though the gold-paper star still dangled on his head and glittered in the sunshine.

Some of the merry-hearted children who had danced round the tree at Christmas were playing in the yard. One of them ran and tore off the gold star. 'Just look what was hanging on the ugly old Fir-tree,' said he; and he trampled on the branches till they cracked again. Then the tree saw the flowers in the garden, in all the freshness of their

beauty, and then he looked at himself, and wished he had never left the green forest.

Soon after the manservant came, and cut up the tree into little pieces, and carried a whole bundle of them into the brew-house. They blazed up brightly under the large brewing-copper, sighing and crackling as they blazed. The children ran in and looked at the fire, crying, 'Pop! bang!'—while at every crack the Fir-tree thought sorrowfully of the summer days in the wood, and of the winter nights when the stars were twinkling. And soon he was all burnt to ashes.—*Adapted from Andersen.*

THE CLOCK AND THE SUN-DIAL.

con-ceit'-ed, *proud*
 be-speak', *to speak to*
 de-cide', *to settle*
 en-li'-ven-ing, *making cheerful*
 dis-play', *to show*
 coun'-sel, *advice.*
 boast'-er, *one who boasts*
 de-ride', *to scoff at*
 de-note', *to mark*

calm'-ly, *quietly*
 ad-vise', *to give advice.*
 up-braid', *to reproach*
 cal-cu-la'-tion, *reckoning*
 fre'-quent-ly, *often*
 con'-fi-dence, *self-conceit*
 ev'-i-dence, *proof*
 meet, *fit*
 pre-tence', *a false claim.*

It happened on a cloudy morn,
 A self-conceited Clock, in scorn,
 A Dial thus bespoke :
 'My learned friend, if in thy power,
 Tell me exactly what's the hour ;
 I am upon the stroke.'
 The modest Dial thus replied :
 'That point I cannot now decide,
 The Sun is in the shade ;
 My information drawn from him,
 I wait till his enlivening beam
 Shall be again displayed.'

‘Wait for him, then,’ returned the Clock,
 ‘I am not that dependent block
 His counsel to implore ;
 One winding serves me for a week,
 And hearken ! how the truth I speak,
 Ding, ding, ding, ding—just four !’

While thus the boaster was deriding,
 And like a magistrate deciding,
 A sunbeam clear and strong
 Showed on the line three-quarters more ;
 And that the Clock, in striking four,
 Had told his story wrong.

On this the Dial calmly said
 (More prompt to advise than to upbraid):
 ‘Friend, go, be regulated !
 Thou answer’st without hesitation,
 But he who trusts thy calculation
 Will frequently be cheated.

‘Observe my practice, shun pretence ;
 Not confidence, but evidence,
 An answer meet supplies :
 Blush not to say, “ I cannot tell ; ”
 Not speaking *much*, but speaking *well*
 Denotes the truly wise.’

De la Motte.

THE FOX.

scarce’-ly, *hardly*
 man’-a-ged, *contrived*
 pos’-si-ble, *able to be done*
 tem’-per-ate, *moderate*
 cu’-ri-ous, *not common*

hap’-pen-ed, *came to pass*
 ad-mi’-ring, *wondering, regard-*
 ing with love
 clew’-er-ness, *skill*

The Fox is much like the wolf and the dog, but is
 neither so large nor so strong as these animals. He

has a very large bushy tail, which people call a brush, because it would do very well to sweep a room with. He is very wild, and it is scarcely possible to tame him. He is very cunning, and knows how to take good care of himself.

Foxes are found in almost every temperate country in the world, and, although they vary sometimes in colour, their habits are much the same in all places. When they live near farmyards, they do a great deal of mischief by killing the lambs, geese, and fowls. When the Fox cannot get these, he eats serpents, lizards, toads, moles, frogs, rats, and mice ; and when very hungry indeed, will even eat roots and seeds of plants. He is very partial to grapes when he can get them, but when they are out of his reach he says they are sour and set his teeth 'on edge.' His fondness for this fruit gives the owners of vineyards in France a great deal of trouble. He likes a fish-dinner now and then, and it is said that he has a curious way of catching crabs. He lets his tail hang in the water where these shellfish are ; they get hold of it, and he drags them on shore and eats them :

' So you, Master Fox, you think you can nab
A titbit for your dinner, a silly young crab ;
So you let him bite fast on the tip of your tail,
Then give him a jerk, and to catch him ne'er fail.
Little crab thinks he catches the fox, I dare say ;
So he does, to his cost, for his life he will pay:
I wish all the young, and the silly, and such,
Would learn to be cautious, nor aim at too much.'

Men in this country hunt the Fox for sport, and many are the tricks he uses to get away from them. Some huntsmen and hounds once hunted a Fox

across a common near the sea, till they came to a steep cliff. Then they thought they should catch him; but when they came to the edge, no fox was to be seen, and so they thought he had jumped over and been killed.

This happened several times, till at last some one watched, and saw the Fox, when he came to the edge of the cliff, catch hold, with his teeth, of a bramble which grew on the edge, and swing himself over into a hole, a little way down the face of the cliff. The man who watched must have been very cruel, for, instead of admiring him for his cleverness, he made up his mind to show the Fox that he was cleverer.

So one day, when the hounds were hunting, he cut off the bramble with his knife, and let it lie on the cliff just as before. Presently, up came the Fox in a great hurry, laid hold of the bramble with his teeth, and swung himself over; but, instead of stopping at his hole, he tumbled down to the bottom and was dashed to pieces.

So the hunters and the cruel man between them managed to kill the Fox, and, I suppose, thought they had done a very fine thing.

The flesh of the Fox is not good to eat, but his skin is useful, as the fur is very soft and warm.—*Editors.*

LUCY GRAY.

com'-rade, *a companion*
 scarce'-ly, *hardly*
 min'-ster, *a cathedral church*
 fag'-ot, *a large bundle of wood*
 ply, *to carry on work*
 blithe, *light-hearted*
 roe, *a female deer*
 wan'-ton, *gay, sportive*

dis-perse', *to scatter*
 pow'-der-y, *like powder*
 guide, *to lead*
 fur'-long, *220 yards*
 breath'-less, *out of breath*
 track, *to follow footsteps*
 plank, *strong board*
 fawn, *a young deer*

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew,
She dwelt on a wide moor;
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

‘To-night will be a stormy night,
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.’

‘That, father, I will gladly do;
’Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.’

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot band;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;
With many a wanton stroke,
Her feet disperse the powd’ry snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood,
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from the door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,
' In heaven we all shall meet '—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet !

Half breathless from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed—
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank—'
And further there were none !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.



Wordsworth.

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

re-turn'-ing, *going back*
de-li'-cious, *very nice*
see'-son-ed, *made relishing*
at-tract'-ed, *drawn to*

as-cend'-ed, *went up*
fer'-ret-ing, *burrowing like a*
ferret
in-vi'-ted, *asked*

Robinet, a French peasant, after a hard day's work

at the next market-town, was returning home with a basket in his hand.

‘What a delicious supper I shall have!’ said he to himself. ‘This piece of kid well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a meal fit for a prince. Then I have a good piece of barley-bread at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!’

A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel nimbly running up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. ‘Ha!’ thought he, ‘what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my little master! I’ll try if I can get it.’ Upon this, he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half-ascended, when, casting a glance at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of meat. He made all possible haste down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Robinet looked after him. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘then I must be content with soup-meagre—and no bad thing neither.’

He walked on, and came to a little public-house by the roadside, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench drinking. He invited Robinet to take a draught. Robinet seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on the bench close by him. A tame raven, which was kept at the house, came slyly behind him, and, perching on the basket, stole the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole. Robinet did not perceive the theft till he had got on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but could hear no tidings of it. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘my soup will be the thinner, but I

will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do some good, at least.'

He went on again, and arrived at a little brook, over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman wanting to pass at the same time, Robinet politely offered her his hand. As soon as she got to the middle of the plank, through either fear or sport, she shrieked out, and cried that she was falling. Robinet, hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safely over, he jumped in and got it again; but when he took it out, he perceived that both the salt and the pepper were washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions. 'Well,' said he, 'then I must sup to-night on roasted onions and barley-bread. Last night I had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had.' So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.—*Evenings at Home.*

GEORGE'S TEMPTATION.

(PART I.)

here'-a-bouts, *in these parts*
 guess'-ed, *to judge without the*
 means of knowing
 ques'-tion-ed, *asked questions*
 an'-swer-ed, *made reply*
 in'-so-lent, *wanting in respect,*
 overbearing

thwart'-ed, *to cross, to op-*
 pose
 ad-judge', *to decree*
 men'-tion-ed, *named*
 cour'-te-sy, *politeness*
 pre-cise'-ly, *exactly*

One bright May morning, many years ago, George, a little shepherd-boy, was sitting under the shadow of an old oak, watching his flock and listening to the music of the birds. As he sat thus, a very gaily-dressed young gentleman came up, and said to him, 'Wake up, and tell me if there be such a thing as a bird's-nest hereabouts.'

‘Ay, to be sure,’ quoth the boy; ‘there are birds’-nests enough, as a less wise person than yourself might have guessed by the singing.’

The shepherd-boy made this remark before he had time to notice how bravely dressed, and of what a comely bearing, was the youth who questioned him. When he noticed these things, he rose up, made a low bow, and said,—

‘I ask your pardon, sir; I thought, at first, you were one of my own playmates. Can I be of service to you?’

‘You can tell me whether or no there are birds’-nests about here?’

‘Many, sir, many. Do you not hear the merry chirping of the birds?’

‘And you, who so well know this forest, could lead me to some of these nests, I suppose?’

‘To be sure I could. I saw this morning one of the nests; it was a model nest—quite a picture; it was nicely woven of yellow straws; warmly, snugly lined with moss; and in it were five eggs as blue as the sky.’

‘Charming—charming!’ cried the young gentleman. ‘I must certainly look at this nest. Come, show me the way to it.’

‘Pardon me,’ said George; ‘I can neither lead you to it, nor tell you where to find it.’

‘Insolent!’ cried the young gentleman, growing red and angry. ‘I have set my heart upon seeing this model nest, and my will is not to be thwarted. Come, lead me to it, and I will pay you well.’

‘Indeed, I should be very sorry to thwart your will, could I do otherwise. I cannot; therefore I pray you pardon me.’

While he was speaking two persons came up—the

one attired in a suit of black velvet, with a snow-white collar and a black silk cap, the other all in scarlet and gold lace.

‘We have been looking for your Highness for more than a quarter of an hour,’ said he of the black velvet; ‘and we began to fear that some evil had happened to you.’

‘I am right glad you are come, for, of all the wrong-headed boys that ever I met, I never saw the equal of yonder shepherd.’

‘What does your Highness mean?’

‘Just precisely what I say. You shall adjudge the matter. I am looking for a bird’s-nest. This boy tells me of one most beautifully made. “Give it me,” I say. “I must not,” he answers. All he can do is to give me another. I do not want another. I have set my mind on *this* nest.’

All this time George, alarmed at his own boldness, but fully resolved not to give in, stood looking from one to another, uncertain how to act. They were clearly great folks, and the smallest the greatest.

‘My boy,’ said the gentleman in black velvet—so cheerfully—‘you are acting unkindly towards this young gentleman. He has been brought up in cities, and has never seen a bird’s-nest, though he has read much about them. Do him the favour of leading him to the one you mentioned. He will not even touch it; all he wants is to look at it.’

‘I am more sorry than I can tell, sir,’ George replied, ‘but I must not do it.’

‘This is wrong,’ said the gentleman. ‘We should always confer pleasure when it is in our power to do so; and in this case you ought to do your utmost to please the young gentleman. He is the young Prince Henry.’

GEORGE'S TEMPTATION.

(PART II.)

trou'-ble-some, *giving trouble*
 at-tend'-ant, *a servant*
 hon'-est-ly, *in an honest man-
 ner*
 re-solv'-ed, *determined*
 fierce'-ly, *in a fierce manner*

pro-duc'-ing, *bringing forth*
 tempt'-er, *one who tries to lead
 another to sin*
 wil'-der-ness, *a desert place*
 wealth'-y, *rich*

'Prince Henry!' cried little George, opening his eyes wide with wonder. 'O, pardon me, great little prince, I am sorry that I cannot show you the bird's-nest; and could not, though you were your own Royal father, whom Heaven long preserve!'

'You are the most troublesome boy I ever saw,' said the young prince. 'My dear tutor, what shall we do with him? What say you, Wilson?'

So the gentleman in black velvet was his tutor, and he in scarlet his attendant.

'Let us question the boy more closely,' said the tutor. 'Tell me, child, why you will not show us the nest. Tell us honestly, and, if the reason is good, we will trouble you no more.'

'May it please you,' said George, 'the honest truth is this. Thomas, the farm-labourer, showed me the nest, and I promised to let no one know where it was to be found.'

The tutor was pleased at the boy's reply, but was resolved to test him still further.

'Have you a father?' he asked.

'I have, but he is old and very poor.'

'This gold piece would be a help to him,' the tutor went on, producing a gold coin, and holding it in the full light of the sun. 'Now this coin shall be

yours, if you will show us the bird's-nest. We shall not touch it. Thomas need know nothing of it.'

'But God would,' said George. 'Thomas would believe me true, but God would know me to be false. Please put up your gold, sir; it makes me bad to look at it.'

'Suppose, instead of putting it away, I give it to you, and that you get it changed into silver pieces; and that with all that silver mine in your cap, you go home to your father, and cry, "Dad, dear, I am as rich as a prince?"'

'Don't, sir, don't,' cried George. 'I can't bear it—please go away.'

'See how the gold shows in the light, boy.'

'So does a serpent,' said George. 'Go away, tempter.' Then he blushed scarlet as the servant's coat, and said: 'I meant no offence, sir. I was thinking of Our Lord in the wilderness, when the wicked one said to Him, "All these things will I give you."'

'Now if that,' said Scarlet-Coat, 'is not the greatest impudence I ever heard! Let me settle it, if you please.' He then seized George by the collar, and held his whip over him, ready to strike.

'Pardon—pardon!' said George, pale and trembling.

'Show us the nest, you rascal, or — —!' and he cracked the whip fiercely.

'Oh, I cannot—I dare not—I will not!'

'Enough!' said the tutor; 'the boy is a good lad, and no harm shall be done to him. The Prince agrees with me, that he has stood manfully for truth and honesty, and that neither threats nor promises have been able to turn him from the right path. Come, George, ask your friend's leave to show us the nest, and divide the gold between you.'

‘A thousand thanks,’ cried little George—‘a thousand thanks! God save the Prince!’

George soon brought word that Thomas had very readily agreed to the bargain; so they went forth to view the nest, which was concealed under a white-thorn bush. The Prince was delighted, and the money paid to George, who joyfully shared it with Thomas.

The young Prince was so pleased with George, that he became his firm friend; and from one step to another, inch by inch, he grew up to be a wealthy, clever, and famous man.—*Adapted.*

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

soar, *to fly aloft, to mount*
 blent, *mingled together*
 main, *the ocean*
 be-hest', *a command*
 le'-gions, *great numbers*
 va'-grant, *wandering*
 fra'-grant, *sweet-scented*
 as-sail', *to attack*

se'-ring, *drying, withering*
 ca-reer'-ing, *running swiftly*
 strewn, *scattered*
 boot (v.), *to profit, to benefit*
 re'-gions, *countries*
 ten'-drils, *the clasps of a vine*
 re-sound', *to echo*
 il-lum'-ed, *lighted up*

Behold the Bird-legions,
 As sadly they soar
 To far-distant regions
 From Albion's shore;
 With the wild tempest's blowing
 Their mourning is blent,
 ‘Where, where are we going?
 Who has for us sent?’
 'Tis thus unto God that they make their lament.
 ‘We leave them with sadness,
 Those rocks by the main;
 There dwelt we in gladness,
 There never knew pain.

'Mid the blossoming trees there
We builded our nest,
By the wing of the breeze there
Were rocked into rest ;
Now, now we must follow an unknown behest.

' The leafy trees bower'd o'er
The home of the dove ;
The dewdrops were shower'd o'er
The moss-rose for love.
Now green fields are sere,
Now roses have blown,
And the soft wind's careering
To tempest hath grown,
And with white hard-frost blossoms the meadows
are strewn.

' Why tarry we longer
Now summer is done
When cold groweth stronger
And darker the sun ?
What boots it our singing ?
Here leave we a grave ;
For far-away winging,
God wings to us gave,
So hail to thee, hail to thee, dark rolling wave !'

Thus sang the Bird-legions
As onward they fled ;
And soon brighter regions
Around them are spread ;
Where the vine-tendrils vagrant
The elm-trees have crowned,
And amid myrtles fragrant,
Bright waters abound ;
And with songs of rejoicing the woodlands resound.

When life's hope shall fail thee,
 And dark billows roll ;
 Where tempests assail thee,
 Mourn not, O my soul !
 The Birds find green meadows
 Beyond the sea's roar ;
 And, passing death's shadows
 For thee is a shore
 Illumed by a sun that will set never more !
From the Swedish, by Mary Howitt.

OUR GOLD-DUST.

| | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| ex-claim'-ed, <i>cried out</i> | stamp'-ed, <i>marked with a die</i> |
| ca-reer', <i>course of life</i> | or stamp |
| cer'-tain-ly, <i>surely</i> | bar'-gain, <i>something bought</i> |
| part'-i-cles, <i>the smallest pieces</i> | cheap |
| re-ceiv'-ed, <i>taken</i> | fu'-ture, <i>time to come</i> |

'Uncle,' said Tom, one day, 'it seems to me your things don't look as well as they might.' They were in the garden, and 'the things' he meant were the currant bushes.

'I don't suppose they do,' replied his uncle. 'I'm no great hand at a garden. But what can you improve?'

'I can *try* on the currants,' said Tom.

'Suppose you do then, my boy.'

Tom was to live with his uncle for two years, so he had ample time to try the bushes. It took time to restore them, but he worked hard at it; and although at first his uncle did not believe much would come of it, much *did* come of it. His currant trees in the season were loaded with fruit. People, when they walked in the garden, exclaimed, 'What splendid currants you have!'

‘That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust,’ said his uncle.

When Tom went out in life, every account they heard of him told of his success, and gave promise of his future useful career.

‘Certainly,’ said his uncle, when people spoke to him about Tom—‘certainly, that boy knows how to take care of the gold-dust.’

Gold-dust! Where did Tom get gold-dust. He was a poor boy; where did *he* get gold-dust? Ah, he had the *seconds* and the *minutes*, and these are the gold-dust of time—*specks* and *particles* of time, which boys, and girls, and grown-up people are so apt to waste and throw away. Tom had been taught, and he felt their value; so he never spent them foolishly, but only in good bargains; ‘for value received’ was stamped on all he passed away.

It is a mistake to suppose that miners and mints have all the ‘gold-dust.’ You, children, have some—some of much greater value than the richest mines can yield. God does not give them to you in gold bars, a day, a month, a year long; nobody can be trusted with so much time all at once; but God wisely deals it out in seconds and minutes, so that you can make the most of it. If you are robbed of one, or lose it, the loss is not great. It cannot, to be sure, *ever* be made up; the *whole world* cannot ever make up for a minute lost; but if it teach you to be thoughtful, and careful of the rest, you will, by-and-by, be rich with the golden years of a useful and happy life.

Take care of your ‘gold-dust,’ children.—*Adapted from the Family Treasury.*

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

ac-cus'-tom-ed, *used to*
 com-plain', *to find fault*
 star-va'-tion, *want of food*
 tremb'-ling, *shaking*
 mi'-ser-ly, *like a miser*
 grant, *to give*

re-pay', *to pay back*
 quoth, *said*
 hast'-i-ly, *in haste*
 wick'-et, *a small gate*
 war'-rant, *to declare*
 grain, *corn*

A silly young Cricket, accustomed to sing
 Through the warm sunny months of gay summer
 and spring,

Began to complain, when he found that at home
 His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found

On the snow-covered ground,

Not a leaf on a tree,

Nor a flower could he see,

'Oh, what will become (says the Cricket) of me!'

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
 All dripping with wet and trembling with cold,
 Away he set off to a miserly Ant,

To see if to keep him alive he would grant

Him shelter from rain ;

A mouthful of grain

He wished only to borrow,

He'd repay it to-morrow ;

If not, he must die with starvation and sorrow.

Says the Ant to the Cricket, 'I'm your servant and
 friend,

But *we* ants never borrow, *we* ants never lend ;

But tell me, dear Cricket, did you lay nothing by
 For the winter ?' Quoth the Cricket, 'Not I ;

My heart was so light,
 That I danced day and night.'
 'You danced, sir, you say!
 Go, then,' said the Ant, 'and dance winter
 away.

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
 And out of the door went the poor little Cricket.

Folks call this a fable, I'll warrant it's true :
 Some Crickets have four legs, and some have but
 two.

Jane Taylor.

THE STINGING-NETTLE.

ter'-ri-bly, *so as to cause terror*
 ig'-no-rant, *not knowing*
 a-light', *to get down, to settle*
 grasp, *to hold tightly*
 ex'-cel-lent, *so good that it*
cannot be better

bus'-i-ness, *what one has to do*
 tres'-pass, *to sin, to go where*
one ought not
 whole'-some, *good to eat or*
drink
 fur'-nish, *to provide or supply*

Alfred saw a beautiful flower growing on the other side of a deep ditch, and he ran forward to get it for his sister Mary. Mary begged him not to do so, lest he should tumble into the ditch ; but Alfred would have his own way. As he was getting down the bank, his foot slipped ; and he would have fallen into the ditch, had he not caught hold of some large Nettles which grew on the bank. He was not long in getting up to the path again, for the sharp sting of the Nettles made him forget the beautiful flower.

'There now !' said he, 'talk of everything being useful ! I am quite sure a Stinging-nettle is of no use in the world. See how it has stung my fingers ! They are all over white blisters, and tingle

terribly. I am quite sure that Grandpapa was wrong when he said that everything was useful.'

'Perhaps not,' said the old gentleman, who at that moment peeped over the hedge; 'but I will go round by the gate, and come to you.'

In a few minutes the old gentleman was with them, examining the smarting fingers of his grandson.

'Well now, Grandpapa, please to tell me of what use Nettles are, for I cannot think that they are of the least use whatever.'

'The Nettle has, no doubt, many uses,' replied the old gentleman, 'of which I am ignorant; but I will point out a few, which may show you that God has not formed it in vain. And I may begin with the use the Nettle has been of to you, Alfred.'

'To me, Grandpapa! I am quite sure it has been of no use to me.'

'No?' said the old gentleman, smiling; 'why, did it not save you from tumbling into the ditch?' Here Alfred looked rather foolish, while his Grandpapa went on: 'It is not a very long time ago, Alfred, since you were praising your Nettle-porridge. The porridge is made of the tender tops of young Nettles, and I dare say you remember it very well.'

'O yes!' said Mary. 'It was old Esther Hodges who told my mother to give it to us; she said it would do us a power of good.'

'I am glad you remember it; but let us look at the Nettle a little nearer.' Just then a Bee alighted on one of the Nettle flowers. 'Do you think that Bee, if he could speak, would say that the Nettle was of no use? See, he is gathering honey from it, and, perhaps, finds it as useful as the blooming Rose.'

The old gentleman then set himself down on the bank; and, having his gloves on, he turned over some

of the Nettle leaves. 'Look here!' said he; 'here is the insect called the Ladybird, with its red back spotted with black. I dare say this Ladybird finds the Nettle of some use, or it would not take shelter under its leaves. Then, again, here is a Spider who has woven his web from one leaf to another. No doubt the Spider finds the Nettle of some use too; so that the Bee, the Ladybird, and the Spider are all against you.'

Here Alfred and Mary looked at each other, as if now quite satisfied that the Nettle had not been made in vain. But their grandfather still went on:— 'Nettles are often useful in keeping young people in the right path. When your sister begged you, Alfred, not to go near the ditch, you heeded her not; but when the Nettle pointed out your error, you were convinced of it in a moment. The Nettle, moreover, teaches a useful lesson. Look at Alfred's fingers; they are not stung where he grasped the Nettle firmly, but only in the parts that touched it lightly. Many little trials of the world are of the same character. Give way to them, they annoy you; meet them bravely, they injure you not, for you overcome them. Another excellent lesson to be got from the Nettle is, to mind your own business, and not to meddle with that of other people. Let the Nettle alone, it never stings you; trespass upon it, you must take the consequences. I might say a good deal more; but if the Nettle assists in forming wholesome food—if it affords honey to the Bee, shade and shelter to the Ladybird and the Spider—if it keeps young people in the proper path, and furnishes us with lessons of useful instruction, you must allow that the Stinging-nettle has not been made in vain.'—*Old Humphrey.*

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

En'-gi-neer, *the driver of an engine*

ex-ceed'-ing-ly, *very*

mis'-tle-toe, *a plant which grows on pear, apple, oak, and other trees.*

bay, *a sweet-scented evergreen shrub.*

twelfth-night, *twelve nights after Christmas; old Christmas Day*

feat, *a trick of skill*

pie-bald, *of two colours, black or brown and white*

de-clare, *to say earnestly*

Home for the holidays!—Here we go!

Bless me, the train is exceedingly slow;

Pray, Mr. Engineer, get up your steam,

And let us be off with a puff and a scream!

We have two long hours to travel, you say!

O do, Mr. Steam-engine, gallop away!

Two hours more! Why, the sun will be down

Before we reach dear old London town!

And then, what a number of fathers and mothers,

And uncles and aunts, and sisters and brothers,

Will be there to meet us! Oh, do make haste,

For I'm sure, Mr. Guard, we have no time to waste!

Thank goodness, we sha'n't have to stutter and
stammer

Over Latin and sums, and that nasty French
Grammar;

Lectures and classes and lessons are done,

And now we'll have nothing but frolic and fun.

Home for the holidays—here we go!

But this fast train is really exceedingly slow!

We *shall* have sport when Christmas comes,

When 'snapdragon' burns our fingers and thumbs.

We'll hang mistletoe over our dear little cousins,

And pull them beneath it, and kiss them by dozens:

We shall have games at 'Blind-man's-buff,'

And noise and laughter and romping enough:

We'll crown the plum-pudding with bunches of bay,
And roast all the chestnuts that come in our way;
And when Twelfth-night falls, we'll have such a
cake,

That as we stand round it the table shall quake :
We'll draw 'King and Queen,' and be happy to-
gether,

And dance old 'Sir Roger' with hearts like a feather,
Home for the holidays—here we go!
But this fast train is really exceedingly slow!

And we'll go and see Harlequin's wonderful feats,
Changing by magic whatever he meets ;
And Columbine, too, with her beautiful tripping ;
And Clown, with his tumbling, and jumping, and
slipping ;
Cramming all things in his pocket so big,
And letting off crackers in Pantaloon's wig.

The horses that danced, too, last year in the ring ;
We remember the tune—it was sweet 'Tink-a-Ting.'
And their tails, and their manes, and their sleek coats
so bright,
Some cream, and some piebald, some black, and some
white ;

And how Mr. Merryman made us all shout,
When he fell from his horse, and went rolling about !
We'll be sure to go there—'tis such capital fun,
And we wont stir an inch till it's every bit done !

Mr. Punch, we'll have him too, our famous old friend ;
One might see him for ever, and laugh till the end :
With his little dog Toby, so clever and wise,
And poor Mrs. Judy, with tears in her eyes ;
With the constable taking him off to the bar,
And the gentleman talking his 'Shallaballa ;

With the flourishing stick that knocks all of them
down ;

For Punch's delight is in breaking a crown.

Home for the holidays—here we go !

But really this train is exceedingly slow !

Yet stay ! I declare here is London at last !

The Park is right over the tunnel just pass'd.

Huzza ! huzza ! I can see my papa !

I can see George's uncle, and Edward's mamma !

And Fred., there's your brother ! Look !—look ! there
he stands ;

They see us, they see us, they're waving their hands ;

Why don't the train stop ? What are they about ?

Now, now it is steady,—O, pray let us out !

A cheer for old London, a kiss for mamma ;

We're home for the holidays ! Now, huzza !

Eliza Cook.

THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS.

rue'-ful, *sorrowful*
rad'-ish, *an eatable root*
quar'-ters, *one's home*
con-sult', *to ask advice of*
let'-tuce, *a plant, the leaves of*
which are eaten raw

Bre'-men, *a city in Germany*
rogue, *a thief*
con-trive', *to manage*
con'-cert, *a musical entertain-*
ment
scam'-per, *to run away*

Here is a funny story I once read in a German book. I don't believe it myself ; you may, if you please.

An honest farmer had once an Ass that had been a faithful servant to him a great many years, but was now growing old, and every day more and more unfit for work. His master, therefore, became tired of keeping him, and began to think of putting an end to him ; but the Ass, who saw that some

mischievous was in the wind, took himself slyly off, and began his journey towards Bremen; 'for there,' thought he, 'I may chance to be chosen town musician.'

After he had travelled a little way, he spied a Dog lying by the roadside, and panting as if he were very tired. 'What makes you pant so, my friend?' said the Ass. 'Alas!' said the Dog, 'my master was going to knock me on the head, because I am old and weak, and can no longer make myself useful to him in hunting; so I ran away, but what can I do to earn my living?' 'Hark ye!' said the Ass. 'I am going to Bremen, to turn musician: suppose you go with me, and try what you can do in the same way?' The Dog said he was willing, and they jogged on together.

They had not gone far before they saw a Cat sitting in the middle of the road, and making a most rueful face. 'Pray, my good lady,' said the Ass, 'what is the matter with you? You look quite out of spirits.' 'Ah me!' said the Cat, 'how can one be in good spirits when one's life is in danger? Because I am beginning to grow old, and had rather lie at my ease by the fire than run about the house after the mice, my mistress laid hold of me, and was going to drown me; and though I have been lucky enough to get away from her, I do not know what I am to live upon.' 'Oh,' said the Ass, 'by all means go with us to Bremen; you are a good night-singer, and may make your fortune as one of the waits.' The Cat was pleased with the thought, and joined the party.

Soon afterwards, as they were passing by a farm-yard, they saw a Cock perched upon a gate, and crowing with all his might and main. 'Bravo!'

said the Ass. 'Upon my word you make a famous noise; pray, what is all this about?' 'Why,' said the Cock, 'I was just now saying that we should have fine weather for our washing-day; and yet my mistress and the cook don't thank me for my pains, but threaten to cut off my head to-morrow, and make broth of me.' 'Oh, shocking!' said the Ass. 'Come with us, Master Cock-a-doodle-doo; it will be better, at any rate, than staying here to have your head cut off! Besides, who knows? if we take care to sing well, we may in time get up a concert of our own. So come along with us.' 'With all my heart,' said the Cock. And they all four went on merrily together.

They could not, however, reach the town the first day; so, when night came on, they went into a wood to sleep. The Ass and the Dog laid themselves down under a great tree, and the Cat climbed up into the branches; while the Cock, thinking that the higher he sat the safer he should be, flew up to the very top of the tree; and then, according to his custom, before he went to sleep, looked out on all sides of him, to see that everything was well. In doing this he saw afar off something bright and shining, and calling to his friends, said, 'There must be a house no great way off, for I see a light.' 'If that be the case,' said the Ass, 'we had better change our quarters, for our lodging is not the best in the world!' 'Besides,' added the Dog, 'I should not be the worse for a bone or two, or a bit of meat.' So they walked off together towards the spot where the Cock had seen the light, which as they drew near became larger and brighter, till they at last came close to a house in which a gang of robbers lived.

The Ass, being the tallest of the company, marched up to the window, and peeped in. 'Well, Donkey,' said the Cock, 'what do you see?' 'What do I see!' replied the Ass; 'why, I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and a gang of robbers sitting round it making merry.' 'That would be a first-rate lodging for us,' said the Cock. 'Yes,' said the Ass, 'if we could only get in.' So they consulted together how they should contrive to get the robbers out, and at last they hit upon a plan. The Ass placed himself upright on his hind-legs, with his forefeet on the window-sill; the Dog got upon his back, the Cat scrambled up to the Dog's shoulders, and the Cock flew up and sat on the Cat's head. When all was ready, a signal was given, and they began their music. The Ass brayed, the Dog barked, the Cat mewed, and the Cock crowed; and then they all broke through the window at once, knocking down the candle, and tumbling into the room amongst the broken glass, with a most dreadful clatter.

Now the robbers did not know what to make of the strange things they saw at the window; for the Donkey's large mouth and hairy face, the Dog's teeth, the Cat's green eyes, and the Cock's sharp beak and red comb, one on the top of the other, looked like some fearful monster. But when they all came rushing into the room with such a horrible noise, the robbers were so frightened, that they scampered off into the wood as fast as their legs would carry them.

The coast being clear, the musical party made themselves quite at home, and set to work to eat up all the food the robbers had left behind. Mr. Donkey found some lettuce and radishes, which he soon put out of sight, and finished his meal with a

few pounds of cheese and a quartern loaf; the Cat and the Dog fell to work upon the meat and a basin of milk which they found in the pantry, whilst the Cock made a good supper of some bread and cold green peas.

When they had feasted to their hearts' content, and had cleared the table in doing it, the Donkey, as the leader of the band, proposed that each should find a bed for himself, and go to sleep. To this they all agreed. So the Cat found a warm place under the grate, the Dog curled himself behind the door, and the Donkey found a warm shed with plenty of straw, where the Cock perched himself on one of the rafters to keep him company. Soon they were all asleep.

Now when all was quiet, the robbers, who were in the wood not far off, and watching, thought they might return to their house. But first they sent one of their number to see if the coast was clear. When he came to the door he listened, but heard nothing; and he peeped through the keyhole, but saw nothing. So he lifted the latch, and walked in.

When he got inside he saw the Cat's eyes under the grate shining in the darkness, and thought they were live coals. So he put a match to them to get a light. The Cat, not liking such tricks, flew out at him, and scratched his face most terribly. Away ran the robber, thinking some evil spirit was after him. As he passed the door, the Dog flew at him and bit him in the leg, tearing out a piece of his trousers. When he got outside, the Donkey, who was coming to see what was the matter, kicked him with all his might; whilst the Cock, on the rafters of the barn, clapped his wings, and crowed most lustily.

The robber managed to get back to his fellows, but in a sad plight; his face was scratched, his

trousers were torn, his leg was bitten, and he was covered with bruises from the Donkey's kicks. So he told them that the house was full of goblins, and that he had barely escaped with his life; for that they all fell upon him, and tried to kill him, and one of them, whom he could not see at all, kept calling to the others in an awful voice, 'Throw the rogue up here!—throw the rogue up here!'

So the robbers did not dare to go near the place again, and the four musicians had the house all to themselves.—*Adapted from Grimm.*

THE DAISY.

crest, *the top*
 gold'-en, *like gold*
 suc-cès'-sion, *one after another*
 yield, *to give up*
 course, *a race*
 wreathe, *to twine around*
 Au'-gust, *the eighth month*
 De-cem'-ber, *the twelfth month*
 Oc-to'-ber, *the tenth month*

moor'-y, *like a moor*
 vale, *a valley*
 glen, *a small valley*
 mar'-gin, *the edge*
 con'-se-cra-ted, *made sacred*
 cul'-tu-red, *tilled*
 pen'-sile, *hanging*
 Flo'-ra, *the goddess of flowers*
 per-en'-ni-al, *lasting*

There is a flower, a little flower,
 With silver crest and golden eye,
 That welcomes every changing hour,
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
 In gay but quick succession shine;
 Race after race their honours yield,
 They flourish and decline;

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms in consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast;
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page; in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

J. Montgomery.

QUESTIONS ON BIRDS.

*Cre-a'-tor, one who makes
something out of nothing.*

God

*plu'-mage, the feathers of a
bird*

re-turn', to come back

*wil'-der-ness, a wild place, a
desert*

dif-fer, to be different

re-ply', an answer to a question

Now, my dear little friends, I want you to put on your thinking caps for a short time. They need not fit very tight, for the questions I am about to ask you are not hard, but they may lead you to see how good our kind Creator has been to us in many ways. Should there be any question you cannot answer, I am sure your kind teacher will help you, or allow you to search your books for the replies:—

What is the difference between a bird and a beast?

What is the difference between a bird and a fish?

What is the difference between a bird that can swim and a fish?

What is the difference in form between a bird that can swim and one that cannot swim?

Tell me the names of four birds that can swim and four that cannot swim.

Can you tell me the name of a fish that can fly?

What beast can fly?

In what respects does it differ from a bird?

Name ten birds that you have seen in the gardens or fields.

Name two birds that you have seen in cages, but which are not wild in this country.

Why do people keep birds in cages?

Tell me the names of six birds that sing sweetly.

What bird flies straight up into the sky when he sings?

What bird sings mostly in the evening?

Tell me the names of six birds of gay plumage.

Tell me the names of four birds that are black.

What yellow bird have you seen?

Do you know any bird of gay plumage that can sing?

What birds do you know that cannot sing?

What birds love to live together in nests on the tops of tall trees?

What birds build their nests on the ground?

What birds build in holes in banks, or old trees?

What birds build their nests of mud under the eaves of houses?

What birds build in church-towers and such places?

What is the smallest bird you have ever seen?

What is the smallest bird found in this country?

What is the smallest bird in the world?

What is the largest bird in the world?

What birds do you most often see?

What birds fly about only in the evening?

Why do they fly about at that time?

What birds leave this country for the winter and return in the summer?

Why do they go away?

Tell me the names of six birds which we use as food.

What birds supply the best feathers for beds?

What birds give us quills for pens?

What bird supplies most of the eggs used for food?

What birds supply feathers for ornament?

Name two birds that cannot fly.

Why cannot they fly?

What has God given them instead of the power to fly?

What birds have long necks

Why have they long necks?

What sort of legs have they generally?

Why have some birds hard beaks?

Why have some birds hooked beaks?

Tell me the name of some birds that live on flesh?

What are birds of prey?

What are birds of passage?

What good do birds do in gardens and fields?

What harm can they do?

Which is the greater, the good or the harm which they do?

If a person were to prevent a thief from stealing all the cherries from your tree, would you begrudge him a few as a reward for his trouble and kindness?

What birds live on fish?

What sort of beaks have they?

Where do they live?

Why do they live there?

What has God given to birds instead of teeth?

Why do birds kept in cages require sand or gravel?

What is the largest egg you have ever seen?

What is the smallest?

What bird is remarkable for his pride?

What bird is noted for his chattering?

What birds are said to be particularly affectionate to one another?

What birds can be taught to say words?

What is the difference between talking and 'saying words'?

What day in the year is said to be the birds' wedding-day?

What bird is spoken of in the Bible as being very swift on the wing?

What bird did Noah first send out of the ark?

What bird did he send out three times ?

With what birds did God feed the Israelites in the wilderness ?

What birds took food to Elijah morning and evening ?

Which has been the most honoured of all birds ?

I have asked you a lot of questions, my dear children, and could ask you a great many more, but must not do so now. I dare say you will find some of them harder to answer than 'Who killed Cock Robin?' but I hope you will find them quite as interesting.—*Editors.*

THE WORM AND THE SNAIL.

con'-tact, *the act of touching*
 per-ceive, *to see, to understand*
 i-den'-ti-ty, *being the same*
 rep'-tile, *a creeping animal*
 sub-ter-ra'-ne-an, *underground*
 lo-co-mo'-tion, *the power of*
 moving from place to place
 rec'-og-nise, *to know at sight*
 ant'-lers, *horns*

con-ceal', *to hide*
 im-per'-vi-ous, *that cannot be*
 passed through
 ten'-e-ment, *a house or abode*
 trans-fer', *to give up to another*
 im-pe'-ri-ous, *commanding*
 a-part'-ments, *rooms*
 ap-pend'-age, *something added*

A little Worm, too close that play'd
 In contact with a gardener's spade,
 Writhing about in sudden pain,
 Perceived that he was cut in twain ;
 His nether half left, short and free,
 Much doubted its identity.
 However, when the shock was past,
 New circling rings were form'd so fast

By Nature's hand, which fails her never,
That soon he was as long as ever ;
But yet the insult and the pain
This little reptile did retain
In what in man is called the brain.

One fine spring evening, bright and wet,
Ere yet the April sun was set,
When slimy reptiles crawl and coil
Forth from the soft and humid soil,
He left his subterranean clay,
To move along the gravelly way ;
Where suddenly his course was stopped
By something on the path that dropped,
When, with precaution and surprise,
He straight shrunk up to half his size.
That 'twas a stone was first his notion,
But soon discovered locomotion ;
He recognised the coat of mail
And horny antlers of a Snail,
Which some young rogue (we beg his pardon)
Had flung into his neighbour's garden.

The Snail, all shatter'd and infirm,
Deplored his fate, and told the Worm :—
' Alas ! ' says he, ' I know it well,
All this is owing to my shell ;
They could not send me up so high,
Describing circles in the sky,
But that, on this account, 'tis known
I bear resemblance to a stone :
Would I could rid me of my case,
And find a tenant for the place !
I'll make it known to all my kin :—
This house to let—enquire within !

‘Good!’ says the Worm, ‘the bargain’s struck;
I take it, and admire my luck!
That shell, from which you’d fain be free,
Is just the very thing for me.

Oft have I wish’d when danger calls,
For such impervious castle walls,
Both for defence and shelter made,
From greedy crow and murderous spade:
Yes, neighbour Snail, I’ll hire the room,
And pay the rent when strawberries come.’
‘Do,’ says the Snail, ‘and I declare
You’ll find the place in good repair;
With winding ways that will not fail
To accommodate your length of tail.’
(This fact the wily rogue concealing—
The fall had broken in his ceiling.)
‘Oh,’ says the sanguine Worm, ‘I knew
That I might safely deal with you.’
Thus was the tenement transferred,
And that without another word.

Off went the Snail in houseless plight;
Alas! it proved a frosty night,
And ere a peep of morning light,
One wish supreme he found prevail;
In all the world this foolish Snail
Saw nothing he should like so well—
Which was—that he had got a shell.
But soon for this he ceased to sigh;
A little Duck came waddling by,
Who, having but a youthful bill,
Had ventured not so large a pill,
(E’en at imperious hunger’s call)
As this poor reptile, house and all;

But finding such a dainty bite
All ready to his appetite,
Down went the Snail, whose last lament
Mourn'd his deserted tenement.

Meanwhile the Worm had spent his strength
In vain attempts to curl his length
His small apartment's space about,
For head or tail must needs stick out ;
Now, if this last were left, 'twas more
Exposed to danger than before ;
'And 'twould be vastly strange,' he said,
'To sit indoors without one's head.'—
Alas ! he now completely bears
The unknown weight of household cares,
And wishes much some kind beholder
Would take the burden off his shoulder.
Now broke the dawn ; and soon with fear,
Feeling the shock of footsteps near,
He tried to reach that wished-for goal,
The shelter of a neighbouring hole,
Which proved, when danger threaten'd sore,
A certain refuge heretofore.
But fail'd him now this last resort ;
His new appendage stopped him short,
For all his efforts would not do
To force it in, or drag it through.
Oh, then, poor Worm ! what words can say
How much he wish'd his shell away !
But wishes all were vain—for oh !
The garden roller—dreaded foe !
Came growling by, and did not fail
To crush our hero, head and tail,—
Just when the Duck devoured the Snail.

Jane Taylor.

QUESTIONS ON THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

dif-fer-ence, *distinction*

plant, *a vegetable production.*

It differs from a mineral in that it lives and grows

an'-i-mal, *a living creature that can move about from place to place*

clus'-ter, *a bunch*

sup-ply', *to furnish*

hon'-ey, *a sweet yellow substance extracted by the bee from flowers*

ma-te'-ri-als, *the substances of which anything is made*

bulb, *a round root of many coats*

fi'-bre, *a small thread or string*

cal'-i-co, *a stuff made of cotton*

lin'-en, *cloth made of hemp or flax*

re-pro-duce, *to produce again*

scent'-ed, *having an odour good or bad*

med'-i-cine, *any remedy given by a doctor*

cin'-na-mon, *the bark of a shrub which grows in the island of Ceylon*

Everything in Nature is said to belong to either the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom. Those things with which we are provided by animals—such as meat, wool, hair, bone, ivory, &c.—belong to the animal kingdom; those which we get from plants and trees—such as wood, fruit, cotton, hemp, linen, corn, &c.—belong to the vegetable kingdom; those which we dig from the earth—such as coal, stone, iron, &c.—belong to the mineral kingdom. The name *vegetable* is given properly to all plants and trees, whether large or small.

Of what vegetables do we eat the seeds?

Of what vegetables do we eat the fruit?

Of what vegetables do we eat the leaves?

Of what vegetables do we eat the roots?

What leaves do we eat uncooked?

What leaves do we cook before eating them?

What leaves do we pickle?

What fruits do we pickle?

Of what plants do we eat the flowers?

Of what plants do we eat the seed-pods?

Of what plants do we eat the stalks uncooked?

Of what plants do we cook and eat the stalks only?

What is an evergreen plant?

What is the difference between a shrub and a tree?

Of what plants does the fruit seem to grow underground?

What is the difference between a plant and an animal?

Of what plants do we eat the fruit when it is green?

Of what plants do we eat the fruit when green as well as when ripe?

What is a nut?

Tell me the names of some nuts that grow in this country.

Tell me the names of some nuts which do not grow in this country.

What is the largest nut you have ever seen?

What fruits grow in clusters?

What fruits have you seen growing wild?

Tell me the names of some plants from whose fruit wines are made.

What part of a plant supplies the bees with honey?

What plants supply us with materials for clothing?

Of what plants do the stalks supply fibre for cloth?

How is the fibre obtained from the stalks?

Of what plant is the lining of the seed-pods used to make cloth?

From what is calico made?

From what is linen made?

What is made from the outer shell of the cocoanut?

What plants supply the materials for making beer?

Tell me the names of some creeping plants.

Tell me the names of some climbing plants.
How may plants be reproduced?
What comes on a plant before the seeds?
From what plants do we get oil?
Tell me the name of a plant which grows on trees
instead of in the ground.

What plants produce berries?
Do you know the names of any poisonous plants?
Tell me the names of ten trees.
Tell me the names of some evergreen plants.
Tell me the names of ten flowers you see in gardens.
Tell me the names of some wild flowers.
What is the commonest wild flower?
Tell me the names of some sweet-scented flowers.
Tell me the names of some gay flowers which have
not a sweet scent.

Tell me the names of some plants which are useful
as medicines.

What is the bark of a tree?
For what purposes is bark used?
What is the fruit of the oak-tree called?
What is the fruit of the beech called?
What trees do you know that blossom in spring?
What trees do you know of which we do not eat
the fruit?

What plants have thorns?
What various kinds of wood have you ever seen?
What is the commonest kind of wood used in
building?

What woods are used for making furniture?

What is cork?

What are cloves?

What is cinnamon?

Tell me the name of some hot and biting roots.

What plants have bulbous roots?

What plants have tap-roots ?

What plants have fibrous roots ?

What plant twines round the trunks of trees
when it can ?

What fruits do we get from abroad ?

What fruits grow here ?

Tell me the names of some flowers that are blue.

Name some flowers that are yellow.

Name some that are red.

Name some that are white.—*Editors.*

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

Fa'-ken-ham, *a village in Suffolk*

be-night'-ed, *overtaken by darkness*

copse, *a small wood*

hov'-er-ing, *fluttering in the air overhead*

mut'-ter, *to murmur*

gris'-ly, *hideous*

un-ad-vi'-sed, *imprudent*

spent, *quite exhausted or worn out*

spa'-cious, *wide, roomy*

clam'-o-rous, *noisy*

fo'-li-age, *leaves of trees, &c.*

cir'-cuit, *the act of moving round*

sprite, *a ghost*

qua'-king, *shaking from fear*

res-o-lu'-tion, *firmness, courage*

dis-tinct'-ly, *plainly*

con-vic'-tion, *the act of convincing*

dark'-some, *rather dark*

The lawns were dry in Euston Park :

(Here truth inspires my tale)

The lonely footpath, still and dark,

Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,

And fearful haste she made

To gain the Vale of Fakenham,

And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still.
And echoed to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill.

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
Bespoke a peopled shade ;
And many a wing the foliage brushed,
And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from their paths with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew, and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind ;
When now a short quick step she hears,
Come patting close behind.

She turned,—it stopped ; nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain ;
But as she strove the Sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame ;
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same—
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do ;
When, through the cheating glooms of night,
A MONSTER! stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain ;
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,
The white park-gate in view ;
Which, pushing hard, so long it swung,
The Ghost and all passed through !

Loud fell the gate against the post,
Her heartstrings like to crack ;
For much she feared the grisly Ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on—pit, pat—the Goblin went,
As it had done before :
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised—
Out came her daughter dear ;
Good-natured souls ! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
Some short space o'er the green,
And there the little trotting Sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An Ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park ;
And, simple as a playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark.

No Goblin he—no imp of sin ;
No crimes had ever known ;—
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor ;
The matron learned to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favourite the Ghost became,
 And 'twas his fate to thrive ;
 And long he lived, and spread his fame,
 And kept the joke alive ;

For many a laugh went through the Vale,
 And some conviction too—
 Each thought some other Goblin tale
 Perhaps was just as true.

R. Bloomfield.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

test'-a-ment, *a will, the name
 of the Holy Scriptures*
 em-ploy'-ment, *business*
 dis-mount'-ing, *getting from a
 horse's back*

neigh'-bour-ing, *near*
 fol'-low-ed, *went after*
 coun'-te-nance, *the face*
 ad-mi'-red, *thought well of*
 ap'-proach (n.), *coming near*

Mr. L. was one morning riding by himself, when, dismounting to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose, and galloped away before him. He followed, calling the horse by its name : it stopped, but on his approach set off again. At length a little boy, in a neighbouring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him till the owner came up. Mr. L. looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy cheerful countenance. 'Thank you, my boy,' said he ; 'you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble ?'

'I want nothing, sir, thank you,' said the boy.

Mr. L. Don't you ? So much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But what were you doing in the field ?

Boy. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that feed on the turnips, sir.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

Boy. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But would you not rather play?

Boy. This is not hard work, sir; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

Boy. My father, sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

Boy. Just by, among the trees, there.

Mr. L. What is his name?

Boy. Thomas Hurdle, sir.

Mr. L. And what is yours?

Boy. Peter, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

Boy. I shall be ten at Christmas, sir.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field?

Boy. Ever since six in the morning.

Mr. L. And are you not hungry?

Boy. Yes, sir; but I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

Boy. I don't know, sir; I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

Boy. Playthings, sir—what are they?

Mr. L. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses?

Boy. No, sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in the cold weather, and we set traps for the rats and mice; and then I have a jumping pole, and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

Boy. No, sir ; I have hardly time for those ; for I always ride the horses to the field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town on errands ; and that's as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money ?

Boy. Oh, I can get apples at home : and as for gingerbread, I don't care for it much, for my mother gives me a pie now and then, and that's as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks with ?

Boy. I have one. Here it is—brother Tom gave it me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes ; don't you want a better pair ?

Boy. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

Boy. Oh, I don't care for that.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

Boy. I have a better one at home, but I had as soon have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains ?

Boy. If it rains very hard I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home ?

Boy. I sometimes eat a raw turnip, sir.

Mr. L. But if there are none ?

Boy. Then I do as well as I can ; I work and on never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry sometimes, this hot weather ?

Boy. Yes, but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher.

Boy. Sir ?

Mr. L. I say you are a philosopher ; but I am sure you don't know what that means.

Boy. No, sir. No harm, I hope.

Mr. L. (laughing). No, no ! Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want anything. But were you ever at school ?

Boy. No, sir ; but father says I shall go after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

Boy. Yes, sir ; each boy has a spelling-book, a slate, and a testament.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will give them to you. Tell your father so, and that it is because I think you are a good contented little boy : so now go to your sheep again.

Boy. I will, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good-bye, Peter.

Boy. Good-bye, sir.—*Evenings at Home.*

FIDELITY OF A DOG.*

fi-del'-i-ty, *faithfulness*

Hel-vel'-lyn, *a mountain in Wales*

im-pend'-ing, *overhanging*

heath-er, *a plant that grows on heaths and mountains*

a-ban'-don, *to leave, to forsake*

ten'-ant-less, *without inhabitants*

re'-qui-em, *a funeral song*

tap's-try for tap'-es-try, *a sort of needlework*

es-cutch'-e-on, *a coat of arms*

ob'-se-qui-es, *funeral ceremonies*

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty
and wide,

All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And, starting around me, the echoes replied.

* In 1811 Mr. Charles Gough, a gentleman residing in Manchester, went on an excursion to Helvellyn, and ascended the mountain

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was
bending,
And Catchedecam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was impending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer
died.

Dark-green was that spot, 'mid the brown mountain
heather, .

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay ;
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death, his mute favourite attended ;
The much-lov'd remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber ?

When the wind wav'd his garment, how oft didst
thou start ?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou
number

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?
And oh ! was it meet that, no requiem read o'er
him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart ?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tap'stry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall ;
With escutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall ;

without a guide. He never returned alive. His body was found as
related in the poem.

Through the courts at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming,
In the proudly-arched chapel, the banners are beam-
ing,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of Nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff, huge in
stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam :
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With but one faithful friend to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam.
Sir Walter Scott.

MOTHER WON'T LET ME.

an'-i-ma-ted, *lively*
ap-pa'-rent, *seeming*
af-ter-noon', *after 12 o'clock in*
the day
sit-u-a'-tion, *place*
be-reav'-ed, *deprived of*

cor-rect'-ly, *rightly*
un-will'-ing, *not willing*
anx'-i-ous, *uneasy, careful.*
pri-va'-tion, *want*
com-pan'-i-on, *a playmate, a*
friend

A number of boys with books in hand were pass-
ing up the street on their way to school. They
were talking in an animated manner, apparently upon
a subject of common interest.

'Hallo, James!' said one of them to a boy who was
just come up to them; 'are you going with us this
afternoon?'

'I do not know,' answered James. 'Mother says
she does not think it is frozen hard enough for safe
skating to day; I am afraid she will not let me go.'

It is always the case when there is any fun to be had—Mother keeps me at home.’

‘Just like *my* Mother,’ replied one of his companions ; ‘she is always afraid I shall be drowned, or get run over, or be killed in some way or other. She has not let me go out to play with the other boys all this winter.’

Edward Torry, who was walking by the side of these two boys, heard their conversation. He said nothing ; but when the boys looked towards him, expecting some remark from him on the subject, they saw a tear in his eye, which he turned away his head to conceal. It was not difficult to judge what were the feelings which called it forth, for a glance at his black clothes and the crape on his hat reminded the boys of their companion’s situation.

He had only a few weeks before been bereaved of an affectionate Mother, and they guessed correctly that their conversation had brought *her* to his mind. Edward *was* thinking of his Mother, and his reflections were somewhat like the following :—‘These boys think it very hard to be looked after so closely, and not allowed to run into dangers ; so used I to do ; but the time may come when they will give the world to have some one to care for them, as their kind Mothers do now. Oh ! if I could only have my own dear Mother again, how willing should I be to give up every one of my pleasures to please her !’

Now, no Mother ever wishes to deprive her children of enjoyments ; any boy will find his Mother more ready to confer a pleasure upon him than to enjoy it herself. The reason why she may be unwilling in any case that he should go upon the water, or ramble about the streets, or skate upon the river, is not that she wishes to deprive him of

enjoyment, but because she is anxious to prevent his doing that which is improper, as well as to keep him out of the way of injury. Sometimes, perhaps, the Mother is fearful of danger where none really exists ; she may be afraid that the ice is not strong enough for skating when it really is so ; she may be unwilling that her son should venture upon it, though he may happen to know that the ice appears strong enough.

Well, now supposing that in such a case he should cheerfully give up his notion of skating, simply because his Mother wishes it, and seek his amusement in some other way ; or, suppose that he should even stay at home, and not go out to play at all for a whole afternoon, if that should be his Mother's wish—would this be a greater privation than she has endured for him a hundred, ay a thousand times, and which she is ready, at any time, to endure for him again ? Where is the boy who would rather that his Mother should suffer anxiety and fear during a whole afternoon, than that he should forego the pleasure of spending it in any particular way that he had chanced to fix upon ?

I never in any case approve of a boy saying, ' Mother *won't let me* ' do such-and-such a thing. It sounds as if the boy thought his Mother was unkind, or unwilling to gratify him ; whereas, it is only because she does not think it will be for his good to do or have the thing he wishes. Let him say, then, ' Mother does not think it best,' not ' Mother won't let me.'—*Abbott's Reader.*

THE DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.

gan'-dy, *showy*
 ex-ult'-ing-ly, *triumphantly*
 pro-fu'-sion, *plenty*
 de-fence'-less, *without defence*
 tan'-ta-li-sing, *offering pleasures*
which cannot be enjoyed
 de-cay', *to fall into rottenness*

a-maze', *wonder*
 ex-po'-sed, *laid open to*
 griev'-ing, *making or being sad*
 bit'-ter-ly, *with bitterness*
 poi'-son-ous, *deadly*
 clime, *a country*
 ne'er, *never*

Two lovely children went, when summer was in
 prime,
 Into a garden beautiful, beneath a southern clime ;
 A brother and a sister—twins, and each to each most
 dear ;
 Nor was the mother of these babes beset with any
 fear.

And brightly shone the summer sun upon that gentle
 pair,
 Who plucked each gaudy flower that grew in rich
 profusion there ;
 Or chas'd the idle butterflies, those fair defenceless
 things,
 That round them tantalising danced upon their
 silken wings.

With many a flower which they had plucked, a
 mimic grove they made,
 But wondered, when they came again, they had so
 soon decayed ;
 And grieving, each the other ask'd, why all the roses
 red,
 Which freshly bloomed an hour before, now droop-
 ing hung their head.

'Twas in that season of the year when on the bloom-
 ing earth,
 Each flower and plant, and shrub and tree, to all
 their fruits give birth ;
 And 'mid them all, and most expos'd, to catch the
 passing view,
 With purple flowers and berries red the Deadly
 Nightshade grew !
 Up rose the little boy and ran, upon the bush to
 gaze,
 And then his sister follow'd quick, and both were in
 amaze,
 For berries half so beautiful they ne'er before had
 seen,
 So forth he rashly stretch'd his hand among the
 branches green.
 'O Edward! Edward! do not touch,—remember
 mother said,
 That poisonous fruit in *clusters* grow, though beau-
 tiful and red ;
 And that it had a tempting look, inviting to the eye,
 But if a single one we eat, that we should surely die.'
 'O Charlotte! Charlotte! do you think that these
 can do us harm,
 Or that such pretty fruit as this need cause us such
 alarm ?
 For surely if they poisonous are, they bitter then
 must be,
 So I will taste a single one, and we shall quickly
 see !'
 Then forth he stretch'd his little hand, and he a
 berry pluck'd,
 And to his lips he put the fruit, and in the poison
 suck'd.

And when he found the juice was nice, he bade his sister eat ;—

‘For it is pleasant to the taste, so cooling and so sweet.’

These children then the berries pulled, and of them ate their fill,

Nor did they ever think the while that they were doing ill :

‘’Tis not the fruit that mother means,’ exultingly they cried,

And merry was their prattling laugh to see their fingers dyed.

But suddenly the sister stopp’d, her rosy cheek grew pale :

‘O brother ! brother ! hold me up, for something doth me ail :—

I feel so weak, I cannot stand—the trees are dancing round,

O Edward ! Edward ! clasp my hand, and place me on the ground.’

He gently laid his sister down, and bitterly did cry,
And every means to ease her pain and calm her fears did try ;

But soon he felt himself turn sick, and feeble, chilly, weak,

And as he totter’d on the grass he bruis’d his sister’s cheek.

Exhausted though that infant was, upon his tender breast

He placed the little Charlotte’s head, that she might softer rest ;

The hapless creature did but think his sister only slept,

And when his eyesight dimmer grew, to her he closer crept.

The ev'ning clos'd upon those babes, who slept away
 their breath,
 And mourning o'er his cruel task, away went griev-
 ing Death ;
 And they who had the sacred trust these cherubs
 dear to keep,
 Beheld them where they quiet lay, but thought they
 were asleep.

When they the hapless sufferers rais'd from that last
 fond embrace,
 A half-form'd smile was seen to dwell upon each
 ashy face ;
 Alas ! that such twin roses fair, which morning saw
 in bloom,
 Should wither in the sunny land, ere came the twi-
 light gloom !

New Year's Gift.



THE YOUNG TREE.

*mis-sha'-pen, ill-formed, de-
 formed
 pro-du'-ced, brought forth
 haz'-ard, chance, accident
 un-sight'-ly, ugly
 graft, to insert a small branch
 of one tree into another
 vig'-our, strength*

*des'-tin-y, condition in the fu-
 ture
 re-fresh', to relieve after suffer-
 ing, labour, or care
 a-bund'-ance, plenty
 re-sult', the effect produced
 lib'-er-ty, freedom
 rug'-ged, rough, uneven*

A boy saw his father planting a wild apple-tree.
 'What are you going to do with that misshapen
 thing?' asked the boy. 'I'm sure I would not allow
 it room in the garden.'

But the father answered : 'Do not judge rashly,
 my boy. Do you know this tree which you have
 called a misshapen thing?'

‘Know it!’ said the boy. ‘One may well see what it is!’

‘Its outward form you see,’ said the father, ‘but not what is hidden therein. This unsightly little tree may become a high and beautiful one. It may have flowers and fruit in a few years, to gladden and refresh us. As yet it is not able to do so; for the power is still hidden and weak by which this result will one day be produced.’

After some time William saw his father again at the tree; he had put a stake into the ground, and was tying the tree to it.

‘Why are you doing that?’ asked the boy; ‘you take away the tree’s liberty.’

The father answered: ‘I do so that the wind may not break it, or throw it to the ground, and that it may grow up slender and straight.’

Then the father cut several twigs from the tree, made loose the ground near, and planted thorns round it to keep off the cattle.

‘See,’ said the father, ‘I love the little tree for the power that lies hidden within it. Therefore I take care that this hidden power may grow and prosper.’

In the beginning of the next spring, the father took the boy again to the tree. He had cut a graft from another fruit-tree. Now he took his knife, and with one cut parted the crown from the little tree. ‘Oh, what a pity!’ cried the boy. ‘Now all the trouble is lost.’

But the father smiled, and grafted the twig on the stump of the tree, binding it up with much care. Then he said: ‘Behold! if the tree had remained in the forest, it would have grown up at hazard, crooked and rugged, and would never have brought forth fruit fit to eat. But I have guided its growth and its natural

virtue. Before spring appears in his full vigour, I have given the nobler graft to the tree, that it may direct its growing strength thereon, and bear in future lovely flowers and fruit.'

Soon the tree spread forth twigs and branches, and was pleasant to look upon; for it had buds and flowers, and in autumn the twigs were bent by the abundance of golden and ruddy apples.

'What do you think now?' asked the boy's father.

'Oh!' answered he joyfully, 'it is a dear and grateful little tree.'

'Behold,' said the father, 'how it extends its laden branches towards you! Well, I give it to you, William. From henceforth it shall belong to you, for it has now reached its destiny.'—*Krummacher's Parables.*

THE SNAIL.

track, or trail, a path
steal, to rob; to go quietly, as a
thief
ere, before

gob-ble, to eat fast
grov'-el-ling, creeping, mean
med'-dling, interfering
gos'-sip, an idle 'telltale'

The Snail crawls out with his house on his back,
You may know whence he comes by his slimy track;
And creep, creep, creep, creep,
Oh, how slowly he goes!
If you carried your house, so would you, I suppose.

You can't see him eat, but you know where he's been,
He has fed on the leaves of the plants so green;
And still, still, still, still,
Still in darkness of night—
Yet he stealeth away ere the morning light.

With horny eyes, how he peereth about !
But the Blackbird at last hath found him out ;
 And tap, tap, tap, tap,
On the roof of his house,
He gobbles him up as a cat would a mouse.

To what can we liken a grovelling Snail ?
To a meddling old gossip with falsehood's trail ;
 And pick, pick, pick, pick,
Till no beauty appears.
But Truth finds her out with her house 'bout her ears.

THE EMMET.

These Emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
 Without our regard or concern :
Yet, wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There 's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn on a sunshiny day ;
 And for winter they lay up their stores :
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the
 storms,
 And so brought their food within-doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping Ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time.
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
 If I trifle away all their prime !

Dr. Watts.

PART II.



THE INTERMEDIATE READER.

PART II.

TWO SIDES TO A TALE.

mump'-ing, *sulking*
 threat'-en, to promise punish-
 ment
 ab'-so-lute-ly, *positively*
 awk'-ward, *troublesome, clumsy*

im-me'-di-ate, *happening now*
 re-flect'-ive, *thoughtful*
 ques'-tion-ing, *asking questions*
 in-quis'-i-tive, *prying*

'What's the matter?' said Growler to the black Cat, as she sat mumping on the step of the kitchen-door.

'Matter enough,' said the Cat, turning her head the other way. 'Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me; I wish heartily some one would hang her!'

'Why, what *is* the matter?' repeated Growler.

'Hasn't she beaten me, and called me a thief, and threatened to be the death of me?'

'Dear, dear!' said Growler. 'Pray, what has brought it all about?'

'Oh, the merest trifle—absolutely nothing; it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder why they haven't hanged her long ago.'

'Well, you see,' said Growler, 'cooks are awkward things to hang; you and I might be managed much more easily.'

'Not a drop of milk have I had this day!' said the black Cat; 'and such a pain in my side!'

‘But what,’ said Growler, ‘what is the immediate cause?’

‘Haven’t I told you?’ said the black Cat, pettishly. ‘It’s her temper—what I have had to suffer from it! Everything she breaks she lays to me—everything that is stolen she lays to me. Such injustice—it is unbearable!’

Growler was quite indignant; but, being of a reflective turn, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked, ‘But was there no particular cause this morning?’

‘She chose to be very angry because I—I offended her,’ said the Cat.

‘How, may I ask?’ gently inquired Growler.

‘Oh, nothing worth telling—a mere mistake of mine.’

Growler looked at her with such a questioning expression, that she was compelled to say, ‘I took the wrong thing for my breakfast.’

‘Oh!’ said Growler, much enlightened.

‘Why, the fact is,’ said the black Cat, ‘I was springing at a mouse, and I knocked down a dish: and not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and just tasted it, and it was rather nice, and——.’

‘You finished it?’ suggested Growler.

‘Well, I should, I believe, if that cook hadn’t come in. As it was, I left the head.’

‘The head of what?’ said Growler.

‘How inquisitive you are!’ said the black Cat.

‘Nay, but I should like to know,’ said Growler.

‘Well, then, of some grand fish that was meant for dinner.’

‘Then,’ said Growler, ‘say what you please; but, now I’ve heard both sides of the story, I only wonder she *didn’t* hang you.’—*Leisure Hour*.

ACTIONS, NOT WORDS.

se-date', *serious*
 in-teg'-ri-ty, *honesty*
 com'-rade, *a companion*
 plot (v.), *to plan mischief*
 orch'-ard, *a fruit garden*
 pon'-der, *to think deeply*
 in'-jure, *to hurt*
 sera'-ple, *doubt*
 si'-lence (v.), *to make silent*
 plun'-der (n.), *things stolen*

slum'-ber (v.), *to sleep*
 a-while', *for a short time*
 lan'-guage, *speech*
 de-lin'-quent, *an evil-doer*
 ad-dress' (v.), *to speak to*
 self'-ish, *thinking of self*
 ac'-tions, *deeds*
 pro-test' (v.), *to speak strongly*
against

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
 Had once his integrity put to the test :
 His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
 And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was very much shocked, and answered, 'Oh, no!
 What! rob our good neighbour? I pray you don't
 go :

Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread ;
 Then think of his children, for they must be fed.'

'You speak very fine, and you look very grave ;
 But apples we want, and apples we'll have :
 If you will go with us, we'll give you a share ;
 If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'

They spoke, and Tom pondered—'I see they will go ;
 Poor man! what a pity to injure him so !
 Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
 But staying behind will do him no good.

'If this matter depended alone upon me,
 His apples might hang till they dropped from the
 tree,

But since they will take them, I think I'll go too ;
 He will lose none by me, though I get a few.'

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
 And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
 He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
 He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Conscience slumbered awhile, but soon woke in his
 breast,

And in language severe the delinquent address'd :
 ' With such empty and selfish pretences, away !
 By your actions you're judged, be your speech what
 it may.' *Cowper.*

THE CAPTIVE WOODCHUCK.

*wood'-chuck, an American
 animal of the rabbit kind*
cap'-tive, a prisoner
*coun'-sel (n.), one who pleads
 for another*
*ar'-gue, to give reasons for a
 thing*
*cap'-ture (n.), the act of taking
 prisoner*
wa'-ry, cautious
*prac'-ti-cal, relating to practice
 or action*
dumb, unable to speak
boun'-ty, goodness

por'-tion, a part
vi'-o-late, to break
*in'-stinct, the natural know-
 ledge possessed by animals*
lib'-er-ty, freedom
con-tin'-ue, to go on
mute, silent
*self'-ish, thinking only of one's
 self*
*states'-man, one who takes part
 in the government of a
 country*
cred'-it-a-ble, praiseworthy

In New Hampshire, America, dwelt a farmer
 named Webster. He had two sons, Ezekiel and
 Daniel. Ezekiel had set a trap for a Woodchuck,
 and caught him.

' Now, we'll kill the thief,' cried Ezekiel ;—' you've
 done mischief enough to die, Mr. Woodchuck, and
 you shall die.'

' No, don't,' begged his brother, pitying the poor
 captive; ' take him into the woods, and let him go.'

The boys could not agree, so they carried the case to their father.

‘There is the prisoner,’ said the farmer; ‘you shall be the counsel (one for, and the other against, him), and plead the case before me. I will be the judge.’

Ezekiel began, arguing against the mischievous disposition of the prisoner, and the harm he had already done in the garden. He spoke of the time and labour spent in capturing him, and how, if allowed to live and go at large, he would surely take to his evil habits again, and be wary enough not to be caught a second time; therefore he ought to die. If killed, his skin might be of some value; but, making the most of that, it would not pay for the damage he had done.

A pretty practical argument, and calculated to weigh on the old farmer’s practical mind! But he turned to his other son, and said, ‘I’ll hear now what you have to say on the other side, Daniel.’

Poor Daniel was afraid his brother had the best of the case; but when he turned his large dark eyes on the poor Woodchuck, trembling with fear in the grating of its narrow prison, his breast swelled with pity; he took courage, and, looking the judge in the face, poured forth his plea in its behalf.

‘God,’ said he, ‘has made the Woodchuck. He made him, to live, to enjoy the bright sunshine, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God has not made him, nor anything, in vain. The Woodchuck has as much right to enjoy life as any living thing. He is not a destructive animal, as the fox or wolf is; he simply eats a few common vegetables, of which we have plenty, and can well spare a part. He destroys nothing except the little food he needs to

sustain his humble life ; and that little food is as sweet to him, as is to us the food on our mother's table. God has furnished our food—He gives us all we possess ; and shall we not spare a little for this dumb creature, who really has as much right to his small share of God's bounty, as we ourselves have to our portion ? Yea, more ; the animal has never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often does, but strictly follows the simple instincts he has received from the hand of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hand, he has a right to life, to food, to liberty ; and we have no right to deprive him of either. Look,' he continued, 'at the mute but earnest pleadings of the little creature for life, as sweet and dear to him as ours to us ; and what may not God's judgment be on us, if, in selfish cruelty and with cold hearts, we take that life which can never be restored ?'

Daniel saw the tears start in his father's eyes, and run down his sunburnt cheeks. This appeal to his mercy was too much for him ; forgetting the judge, he sprang from his chair, exclaiming, 'Zeke, Zeke, you let that Woodchuck go !'

This is said to have been Daniel Webster the great American lawyer and statesman's first case, when he was only ten years old. It is certainly creditable to both his head and his heart. And I hope every boy who reads it will think over the drift of his argument ; and if he finds within him a disposition to torment, terrify, or kill God's humbler creatures, will remember Daniel Webster's first case, recall his words of mercy, and 'let the woodchuck go.'—*Child's Paper*.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

main, *the ocean*
 fane, *a temple*
 lay, *a song*
 ver'-dure, *greenness*
 lyre, *a kind of harp*
 Hes-pe'-ri-an, *Spanish*

clime, *region*
 spar'-ry, *consisting of spar*
 cave, *a hollow place*
 thrill, *to feel a sharp piercing*
 sensation
 do-mains', *lands.*

I come, I come, ye have called me long ;
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song,
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth ;
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut
 flowers

By thousands have burst from the forest bowers ;
 And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains ;
 But it is not for me in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin, or of the tomb.

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
 And the fisher is out on the sunny sea,
 And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free ;
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
 And called out each voice of the deep blue sky ;
 From the nightbird's lay through the starry time
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime ;
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
 Where the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main ;
 They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
 They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs ;
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
 Where the violets lie may be now your home ;
 Ye, of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
 And the bounding footstep, to meet we fly !
 With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
 Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwelling of careworn men,
 The waters are sparkling in grove and glen ;
 Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth ;
 Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
 And youth is abroad in my green domains.

Mrs. Hemans.

THE SPIDER.

de-vour', *to eat greedily*
 de-destroy'-ed, *killed*
 ob-serv'-ed, *noticed*
 har'-mo-ny, *agreement*
 con'-trast, *opposition of dif-*
 ferent things

mo'-tive, *intention in doing a*
 thing
 hos'-tile, *not friendly*
 so'-cial, *consisting in converse*
 with others
 germ, *a sprout or shoot*

A boy went with his father into the vineyard :
 there he found a Bee in the web of a Spider, which
 had already opened its jaws to devour its prisoner ;
 but the boy saved the Bee, and destroyed the web of
 the greedy insect.

The boy's father observed this, and said : ' How
 can you, my son, value so little the skill of the

insect, that you destroy its clever and difficult work? Did you not see the regular beauty of the tender threads as they were woven one within the other? How can you be at once so full of pity and so cruel?

The boy answered: 'Does not the Spider employ its skill merely to murder and destroy? But the Bee makes honey and wax. Therefore I set the Bee free, and destroyed the web of the Spider.'

The father approved the judgment of simple frankness that condemns even great talents, when, springing from selfishness, they are bent on doing harm.

'But,' said the father, 'perhaps you have wronged the Spider. See, it protects our grapes, as they ripen, from the flies and wasps, by spreading its web before them.'

'Does the Spider do so,' asked the boy, 'to protect them, or to satisfy its own thirst of blood?'

'Indeed,' answered the father, 'I dare say the insect cares little for the grapes.'

'Oh,' said the boy, 'then the good that it does, without the wish to do good, has no value at all. The good motive alone forms the beauty of every good action.'

'Very true,' said the father; 'the praise is due to Nature, who knows how to apply even dangerous and hostile things to the safety of the good and useful.'

Then the boy asked: 'Why is the Spider so lonely in its web, while the Bees live and work together in social harmony? So should the Spiders make a large web, and live together.'

'My dear child,' answered the father, 'many can join in harmony for a good aim only. Malice and selfishness bear the germ of ruin in themselves. Therefore, wise Nature would not try to effect what

men have found so often is not possible and full of harm.'

When they got back home, the boy said : ' I have learned to-day something from the ugly insect.'

' Why not ?' answered the father. ' Nature has placed the hostile by the side of the loveable, and the evil beside the good, that the good may appear clearer and brighter by the contrast. Thus man may learn even from evil.'—*Adapted from Krummacher's Parables.*

THE CURATE AND HIS MARE.

tract'-a-ble, *manageable*

met-tle, *spirit*

bril'-li-ant-ly, *shining with great splendour*

dis-cov'-er, *to find out, to notice*

to boot, *over and above*

ar-rest', *to stop*

e-rect', *upright*

doc'-ile, *teachable*

rev'-er-ie, *mingling*

Did you hear of the Curate who mounted his Mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard,
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word ;
But again, at a word, when the Curate said ' Hey,'
She'd put forth her mettle and gallop away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good Priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry-tree in a hedge of wild briar ;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung, large black and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The Curate was hungry, and thirsty to boot ;
He shrank from the thorns, though he longed for the
fruit ;

With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
 And he stood up erect on the back of his steed ;
 On the saddle he stood, while the creature stood still,
 And he gathered the fruit, till he took his good fill.

'Sure never,' he thought, 'was a creature so rare,
 So docile, so true, as my excellent Mare ;
 Lo, here now I stand' (and he gazed all around),
 'As safe and as steady as if on the ground ;
 Yet how had it been if some traveller this way,
 Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry Hey?'

He stood with his head in the mulberry-tree,
 And he spoke oft aloud in his fond reverie ;
 At the sound of the word the good Mare made a push,
 And down went the Priest in the wild-briar bush ;
 He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
 Much that well may be thought, cannot wisely be said.

T. L. Peacock.

BUSINESS FIRST AND PLEASURE AFTER.

bus'-i-ness, *what one has to do*
 team, *two or more cattle har-*
 nesses together

haunch, *the upper part of a*
 beast's hind-leg

as-ton'-ish-ment, *surprise*

pro-ceed', *to go forward*

glance (v.), *to look at*

cal'-cu-late, *to reckon*

des-pair' (n.), *want of hope*

diz'-zy, *giddy*

con-tin'-u-al-ly, *not leaving off*
 gears, *harness*

rec'-on-ci-led, *friendly*

wear'-y, *tired*

mon-ot'-on-ous, *without variety*

de-li'-cious, *very nice*

re-mem'-ber, *to keep in mind*

'Put the young Horse in the plough,' said the farmer ; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the grey Mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.

‘Where are we going now?’ he said, when he got to the top. ‘This is very pleasant.’

‘Back again,’ said Dobbin.

‘What for?’ said the young Horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plough as well asleep as awake.

‘What are we going back for?’ he asked, turning round to the old grey Mare.

‘Keep on,’ said the grey Mare, ‘or we shall never get to the bottom, and you’ll have the whip at your heels.’

‘Very odd indeed,’ said the young Horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin, just opening his eyes, again turned, and proceeded, at the same pace, up the field again.

‘How long is this going on?’ asked the young Horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how long it would take to plough it.

‘How long *will* this go on?’ he asked, turning to the grey Mare.

‘Keep up, I tell you,’ she said, ‘or you’ll have me on your heels.’

When the top came and another turn, and the bottom and another turn, the poor young Horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

‘Well,’ he said, when the gears were taken off, ‘if this is your ploughing, I hope I shall have no more of it.’ But his hopes were vain; for many days he

ploughed, till he got, not reconciled to it, but tired of complaining of the weary monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin, as he was eating some delicious Oats, 'I say, Dobbin, this is better than ploughing; do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again? It's enough to make one laugh to think of it.'

'How do you like your Oats?' said Dobbin.

'Delicious!' said the young Horse.

'Then please to remember, if there were no ploughing, there would be no Oats.'—*Leisure Hour*.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

riv'-u-let, *a little river*
 ex-pect'-ant, *expecting*
 plough'-share, *the blade of the*
 plough
 quoth, *said*

dwel'-ing, *a home*
 fa'-mous, *noted*
 vic'-to-ry, *a battle won*
 hard by, *near*
 Pe'-ter-kin, *little Peter*

It was a summer evening,
 Old Caspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 That he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Caspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh—
' 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
' Who fell in the great victory.

' I find them in the garden, for
There's many hereabout ;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many a thousand men,' said he,
' Were slain in the great victory.'

' Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
' Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.'

' It was the English,' Caspar cried,
' That put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,' quoth he,
' That 'twas a famous victory.

' My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

‘ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a tender mother then,
And new-born infant died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

‘ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies there
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

‘ Great praise the Duke of Marlboro’ won
And our good Prince Eugene ; ’

‘ Why ? ’twas a very wicked thing ! ’
Said little Wilhelmine.

‘ Nay, nay, my little girl,’ quoth he,
‘ It was a famous victory.

‘ And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win ; ’

‘ But what good came of it at last ? ’
Quoth little Peterkin.

‘ Why, that I cannot tell,’ said he,
‘ But ’twas a famous victory.’

Southey.

THE FAIRY AND HER FRIENDS.

(A FABLE.)

gid'-dy, *thoughtless*
 con'-stan-cy, *faithfulness*
 doubt, (v.), *to distrust*
 joy'-ful, *full of joy*
 rev'-el (v.), *to make merry*
 oom-pan'-ion, *a mate*
 mod'-est, *not forward*
 hail, *frozen rain*
 down'-heart-ed, *sad*

con-di'-tion, *state*
 vag'-a-bond, *a wanderer*
 limp, *to walk lamely*
 per'-fume (n.), *a sweet scent*
 per-fume' (v.), *to scent*
 hum'-ble, *not proud*
 sin-cere', *honest*
 com'-pli-ment, *an act of civility*
 red'-den, *to become red*

One fine summer day, a lovely but giddy Fairy went sporting about from one flower to another in a beautiful garden, as gay as any morning lark. She first flew to the Rose, and said,—

‘Rose, if the sun were clouded, and a storm came on, would you shelter and love me still?’

‘Do you doubt me?’ said the Rose, reddening up with anger.

‘Lily,’ said the Fairy to another, ‘if the sun were clouded, and a storm came on, would you shelter and love me still?’

‘Oh! do you think I could ever change?’ said the Lily, and she grew paler with sorrow as she spoke.

‘Tulip,’ said the Fairy, ‘if the sun were clouded, and a storm came on, would you shelter and love me still?’

‘Upon my word,’ said the Tulip, making a very gentlemanly bow, ‘you are the very first lady that ever doubted my constancy.’

So the Fairy sported on, joyful to think of her kind and blooming friends. She revelled away for a time, and then she thought of the pale-blue Violet, that was almost covered with green leaves; and,

though it was an old companion, she might have forgotten it, had it not been for the sweet scent that came up from the modest flower.

‘Oh! Violet,’ said the Fairy, ‘if the sun were clouded, and a storm came on, would you shelter and love me still?’

The Violet made answer: ‘You have known me long, sweet Fairy; and in the first springtime, when there were few flowers, you used to find shelter from the cold blast under my leaves; now you have almost forgotten me—but let that pass. Try my truth if ever you should meet with misfortune; but I say nothing.’

Well, the Fairy skitted at that, and clapped her silvery wings, and whisked away singing on a sun-beam. But she was hardly gone, when a great black cloud covered the sky, and the rain fell splashing down like hail. Away flies the Fairy to her friend the Rose. ‘Now Rose,’ says she, ‘the rain is come; so shelter me from the storm, and love me still.’

‘I can hardly shelter my own buds,’ says the Rose. ‘But the Lily has a *deep* cup; ask her to take you in.’

Well, the poor little Fairy got to the Lily, and said, ‘Oh! Lily, the storm is come, so give me shelter, and love me still.’

‘I am sorry,’ says the Lily; ‘but if I were to open my cup, the rain would beat in, and my seed would be all spoiled. Go to the Tulip; he has long broad leaves, you see.’

The Fairy was downhearted enough at this, but off she went to the Tulip. She did not find him looking so bright as he did in the morning, but she waved her little wand, and said: ‘Tulip, the rain and the storm are come, and I am very weary; but you will shelter me, and love me still.’

‘Begone!’ says the Tulip. ‘Be off!’ says he. ‘A pretty condition I should be in if I let every wandering vagabond enter into my cup! Begone! I say.’

By this time the little Fairy was very tired, and her wings hung dripping at her back, quite wet. But there was no help for it: so, leaning on her silver wand, she limped off to the modest Violet; and the darling little flower, with its deep blue eye, saw her coming, and, without speaking a word, opened her thick green leaves, and took the wild wanderer to her bosom, dried her wings, breathed perfumes over her, and sheltered her till the storm was gone.

Then spoke the humble Violet, and said: ‘Fairy Queen, learn from thy misfortunes that the humble and faithful love of one sincere friend is better than all the empty compliments of the giddy world.’

The Fairy felt the reproof, and knew it to be true, and ever after built her bower under the wide-spreading leaves of the faithful Violet.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE.

(Not to be found in any of the Books.)

con'-test, *a dispute*
 ar'-gue, *to reason*
 chief baron, *a head judge*
 bal'-ance, *to make equal*
 dis-cern', *to understand*
 be-half', *in favour of*
 un-doubt'-ed-ly, *without doubt*
 court, *a hall of justice*

de-sign'-ed, *intended for*
 sup-pose', *to think*
 shift, *to change place*
 con-demn', *to find fault with*
 plead, *to speak for*
 de-cree' (v.), *to give judgment*
 grave, *serious*
 de-ci'-sive, *not to be altered*

Between Eyes and Nose a strange contest arose,
 The Spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said Spectacles ought to belong.

K

So Tongue was the lawyer, and, argued the cause
With a great deal of skill and a wigful of learning ;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

‘ In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
‘ And your Lordship,’ he said, ‘ will undoubtedly find,
‘ That the Nose has had Spectacles always in wear,
‘ Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.’

Then, holding the Spectacles up to the Court—
‘ Your Lordship observes, they are made with a straddle
‘ As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,
‘ Designed to sit close to it just like a saddle.’

‘ Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose
‘ (’Tis a case that has happened, and may be again),
‘ That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
‘ Pray who would, or who could, wear Spectacles then?

‘ On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
‘ With a reasoning the Court will never condemn,
‘ That the Spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
‘ And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.’

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the Court did not think they were equally wise

So his Lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That whenever the Nose put his Spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight, Eyes should be shut !

Cowper.

THE DERVISE AND THE CAMEL.

der'-vise, a *Turkish priest*
 ob-serve', to *notice*
 o-pin'-ion, *what one thinks*
 ad-van'-tage; *profit*
 de-rive', to *get from*
 im-pres'-sion, a *mark*
 ex'-er-cise (v.), to *practise*
 journ'-ey (v.), to *travel*

ac-cost', to *speak to*
 sus-pect', to *doubt*
 com-mand' (v.), to *bid*
 jew'-el, a *precious stone*
 hab-it'-u-al, *common*
 graze, to *crop grass*
 la'-den, *loaded*
 herb'-age, *grass*

The way to arrive at real knowledge is to observe carefully the facts which come under our notice, and form our opinion from this observation.

The following story will show the great advantage to be derived from the habitual use of our powers of observation. They are powers which we all possess, and which we all can, and ought to, exercise by taking notice of the things which surround us—such as the forms and colours of things, the habits of animals, the ways of men.

In one of the Eastern fables it is said that a Dervise was journeying alone in the desert. He often stopped, and fell down on the sands to say his prayers; but he was at length met by a company of merchants, who immediately accosted him. 'Holy man,' said they, 'we have lost a Camel.'

'Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?' asked the Dervise.

'He was,' said the merchants.

'Had he not lost a front tooth?' enquired the Dervise.

'He had,' said the merchants.

'Was he not loaded with wheat on one side?'

'He was,' said the merchants.

'And with honey on the other?'

‘He was !—he was !—he was !’ said the merchants, surprised.

‘Then,’ said the Dervise, ‘I have not seen your Camel.’

The merchants were now in a great rage, and told the Dervise that he must know well about the Camel, and suspected that he might have received some of the jewels and money which formed part of the Camel’s load. They therefore seized him, and carried him to the nearest town, and brought him before the Cadi or magistrate.

The Cadi heard the story of the merchants, and seemed to think the Dervise knew more about the Camel and the thieves than he choose to tell; so he ordered him the bastinado, that is, to be thrown down, and beaten on the soles of his feet. Before, however, he was placed to receive his punishment, he commanded him to answer his accusers.

‘How did you know the Camel was blind of one eye?’

‘I inferred that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of the path,’ replied the Dervise.

‘How did you know it was lame of the left leg?’ asked the Cadi.

‘I inferred that it was lame of the left leg, because I observed the impression of that foot was fainter than those of the others.’

‘How did you know the animal had lost a tooth?’ asked the Cadi.

‘I inferred that it had lost a tooth,’ replied the Dervise, ‘because wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite.’

‘But how could you tell with what it was laden?’ interrupted the merchants. ‘Ay, tell us that!’

‘As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants on one side, and the flies on the other, showed me that corn and honey were its burden. And more than this, my friends,’ he continued, ‘I infer that the animal has only strayed, and is not stolen, as there were no marks of any footsteps, either before or behind it. Return and look for your Camel.’

‘Go,’ said the Cadi, ‘and look for your Camel.’

The merchants did so, and found the beast only a few miles from the spot whence it had strayed.—
Colton.

THE SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

league, *three miles*
cav'-ern, *a hollow place*
verge, *the edge*
zen'-ith, *the point overhead*
ice'-berg, *a large mass of ice*
frol'-ic-some, *full of play*

em'-bers, *hot ashes of wood*
a-main', *violently*
lu'-rid, *light, but gloomy*
mere, *a lake*
ween, *to fancy*
lair, *a beast's den*

I am here from the North, the frozen North,

'Tis a thousand leagues away ;

And I left, as I came from my cavern forth,

The streaming lights at play.

From the deep sea's verge to the zenith high,

At one vast leap they flew,

And kindled a blaze in the midnight sky,

O'er the glittering icebergs blue.

The frolicsome waves they shouted to me,

As I swept their thousands past,

‘Where are the chains that can fetter the sea?’

But I bound the boasters fast.

In their pride of strength, the pine-trees tall

Of my coming took no heed ;

But I bowed the proudest of them all,

As if it had been a reed.

I found the tops of the mountains bare,
 And I gave them a crown of snow ;
 And roused the hungry wolf from his lair,
 To hunt the Esquimaux.

I saw where lay in the forest spent
 The fire of the embers white ;
 And I breathed on the lordly element,
 And nursed it into light.

It floateth amain, my banner red,
 With a proud and lurid glare ;
 And the fir-clad hills, as torches dread,
 Flame in the wintry air.

O'er valley and hill and mere I range,
 And, as I sweep along,
 Gather all sounds that are wild and strange,
 And mingle them in my song.

My voice hath been uttered everywhere,
 And the sign of my presence seen ;
 But the eye of man the form I wear
 Hath never beheld, I ween.

BEAVERS' HOUSES.

con-struct'-tion, *act of making*
 sub-stan'-tial, *firm, strong*
 aught, *anything*
 dam (n.), *a bank to confine water*
 suit'-a-ble, *fit*
 mis-ta'-ken, *wrong*
 ap-pend'-age, *something added*
 pe-cu'-li-ar, *singular*
 sur'-face, *the outside*
 ar'-chi-tect, *one who plans*
 dis-cov'-er, *to find out*

re-mark'-a-ble, *worthy of re-mark*
 per-plex'-ed, *puzzled*
 im-a'-gine, *to think*
 solve, *to explain*
 mys'-ter-y, *a secret*
 ord'-in-ar-y, *usual*
 de-mol'-ish, *to destroy*
 struc'-ture, *a building*
 cast'-or, *a substance like musk*
 a-ban'-don, *to forsake*

It is very curious to notice the construction of dams by Beavers.

‘ But do Beavers really make dams ? ’ I hear you ask.

Certainly they do ; and very well-built and substantial dams they are too, so tight that scarcely any water can make its way through them.

‘ What is the use of these dams ? ’ you ask, perhaps.

There may be several uses, for aught I know ; but the principal one is to make a deep pond, so that they can build their houses properly. These houses are very unlike those of other animals. They are built under the bank, and are two stories high ; one story is under, and the other above water. The only entrance to a Beaver’s house is through the water ; there is no door opening from the land.

The workmanship of the dam is curious enough. The Beavers first make a sort of framework of the branches of trees, and then plaster this framework on the upper side all over with clay or mud.

You will wonder how they obtain the timber which they use in their dams. They cut down trees with their teeth, which God has made suitable for the purpose, just like any woodman, and employ such parts of them as are adapted for the purpose.

The plastering process is quite as curious as the building of the framework of the dam. Some say this is effected by means of a trowel, such as masons use. You will perhaps smile at this ; but they mean their tails, which seem well fitted for this work. They have something like scales, instead of hair, upon them, and they are of an oval shape ; but the notion that they use them as trowels to plaster their dams with, is a mistaken one. Without its being used for this purpose, however, the tail of the Beaver is a very useful appendage, as it serves as a rudder

to guide them whilst swimming ; and they make a peculiar flapping noise with it on the surface of the water when they wish to summon their comrades.

It is astonishing how rapidly these architects do their work. A gentleman tells the following remarkable story about a family of them which built one of the dams he visited. He discovered, one day, that the water was rising in the lake near his house. For days he was greatly perplexed about the matter, and could not imagine what caused this sudden rise in the lake. At length, tracing the stream down some distance from the outlet, he came across this dam, which solved the mystery at once. For some reason, he was not willing to have the water rise above its ordinary level, so he demolished the dam. There was a great quantity of wood in it. But the Beavers, it would seem, were as desirous of keeping the water up, as he was of keeping it down. To the great surprise of the gentleman, they rebuilt the whole structure in a single night ; and, what is more wonderful still, they built it entirely of new and green timber, cut down for the occasion. Not a stick which was employed in the old dam appeared in the new.

Again the dam was torn down, and again it was built up in the same manner, and in as short a space of time as before. This process was repeated four or five times before the persevering Beavers abandoned their enterprise.

Beavers live principally on the bark of trees. They do not generally come out of their houses in the winter season, but supply themselves in the autumn with all the food they will need until the following spring. So you see that, with the timber

used in making their dams, and that which they lay up for food, the Beavers have a good deal of wood-cutting to do. They cut their logs for the purpose of storing, in pieces about five feet in length.

The flesh of the Beaver is very delicious eating; but it is chiefly valued for its beautiful fur, and for a substance called castor found in its body, and used as a medicine.—*Editors.*

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

ed-dy-ing, *whirling*
 flow'-er-y, *covered with flowers*
 isl'-et, *a little island*
 bril'-li-ant, *bright, shining*
 blos'-soms, *flowers*

whirl'-ing, *turning round and round*
 cour'-age, *boldness, bravery*
 cur'-rent, *a stream*
 gal'-lant, *brave*

Together they sate by the river's side,
 A Knight and a Lady gay;
 And they watch'd the deep and eddy tide,
 Round a flowery islet stray.

And, 'Oh! for that flow'r of brilliant hue,'
 Said then the Lady fair,
 'To hang on my neck the blossoms blue,
 And braid my nut-brown hair.'

The Knight has plunged in the whirling wave,
 All for the Lady's smile:
 And he swims the stream with courage brave,
 And he gains yon flow'ry isle.

And his fingers have cropp'd the blossoms blue,
 And the prize they backward bear;
 To deck his love with the brilliant hue,
 And braid her nut-brown hair.

But the way is long, and the current strong,
 And alas for the gallant Knight!
 For the waves prevail, and his stout arms fail,
 Though cheer'd by his Lady's sight.

Then the blossoms blue to the bank he threw,
 Ere he sank in the eddying tide;
 And 'Lady, I'm gone, thine own Knight true,
 Forget me not!' he cried.

The farewell pledge the Lady caught,
 And hence, as legends say,
 The flow'r is a sign to awaken thought,
 Of friends who are far away,

For the Lady fair of her Knight so true,
 Still remember'd the hapless lot;
 And she cherish'd the flow'r of brilliant hue,
 And she braided her hair with the blossoms blue,
 And she called it 'Forget-me-not!'

Bishop Mant.

TRAVELLERS' WONDERS.

voy'-a-ges, *travels over the sea*
 dwarf (n.), *a very short person*
 gi'-ant, *a man above the com-*
mon size

in-hab'-i-tant, *one who lives in*
a place

a-do', *trouble, difficulty*

gar'-ments, *clothes*

quad'-ru-ped, *a fourfooted*
animal

pre-vent', *to hinder*

trans-pa'-rent, *that can be seen*
through

dis-cov'-er, *to find out*
 re-ply', *to answer*
 re-mark'-a-ble, *worthy of no-*
tice

daub (v.), *to smear*
 pro'-duct, *something produced*

de-vour', *to eat greedily*

veg'-e-ta-ble, *a plant*

ab'-so-lute-ly, *quite*

rank, *strong*

steep (v.), *to soak*

curd, *the solid part of milk*

One winter evening, as Captain Compass was
 sitting by the fireside with his children all around

him, little Jack said to him, 'Papa, pray tell us some stories about what you have seen in your voyages. Whilst you were abroad I read "Gulliver's Travels" and "Sinbad the Sailor," and they amused me very much. I think, papa, as you have been round and round the world, you must have met with adventures as wonderful as theirs.'

'No, my dear,' said the Captain: 'I never met with dwarfs so small that you might carry a hundred of them in your jacket pocket, and feel none the worse; nor have I met with giants who could do that with us. I never saw the Black Loadstone mountain, nor the Valley of Diamonds; but, to be sure, I have met with many varieties of people, and their different manners and ways of living; and if it will interest you, I will tell you some curious particulars of what I observed.'

'Pray do, papa,' cried Jack and all his brothers and sisters; so they drew close around him, and he began as follows:—

'Well then, I was once, about this time of the year, in a country where it was very cold, and the poor inhabitants had much ado to keep themselves from starving. They were clothed partly in the skins of beasts, made smooth and soft by a particular art; but chiefly from garments made from the outer covering of a middle-sized quadruped, which they stripped off his back while he was alive. They dwelt in houses which were partly underground. The materials were either stones, or earth hardened by fire; and so violent were the storms of wind and rain in that country, that many of them covered their roofs all over with stones. The walls of their houses had holes in them to let in the light; but, to prevent the cold air and rain from coming in, they were covered with a sort of transparent stone, made of

melted sand or flints. As wood was rather scarce, I know not what they would have done for firing, had they not discovered, deep in the earth, a very remarkable sort of stone, which, when put among burning wood, caught fire and flamed like a torch.'

'Dear me,' said Jack, 'what a wonderful stone! I suppose it was somewhat like what we call fire-stones, that shine so when we rub them together.'— 'I don't think they would burn,' replied the Captain; 'besides, these were of a darker colour.'

'Well, their food, too, was very remarkable. Some of them ate fish that had been hung up in the smoke till they were quite dry and hard; and along with it they ate either the roots of plants, or a sort of coarse black cake made of powdered seeds. The richer among them had a whiter kind of cake, which they were fond of daubing over with a greasy matter, the product of a large animal, kept partly for that purpose. This grease they used, too, in almost all their dishes, and when fresh it was really not bad eating. They likewise devoured the flesh of many birds and beasts, when they could get it; and ate the leaves and other parts of different kinds of vegetables growing in the country—some absolutely raw, and others prepared by the aid of fire. Another great article of food was the curd of milk, pressed into a hard mass and salted. This had so rank a smell that persons of weak stomachs often could not bear to come near it.

'For drink they made great use of the water in which certain dry leaves had been steeped. It was extremely bitter to the taste, and had the curious property of driving away sleep for a time. I heard that it had sometimes been made very strong indeed, and that then it was such a deadly poison that one

drop of it was sufficient to kill a large dog in a few minutes, and two would kill a man. Notwithstanding this, the drink was very good, and was used by rich and poor every day of their lives. In fact, they were so fond of it, that they sent many thousand miles for the leaves to make it.'

TRAVELLERS' WONDERS

(CONCLUDED.)

meth'-od, *a way to do a thing*
 pre-pare', *to make fit*
 pre-vail' on, *to persuade*
 in-gre'-di-ents, *materials*
 pun'-gent, *biting to the taste*
 re-sem'-ble, *to be like*
 poi'-son-ous, *causing death*
 tol'-er-a-bly, *not very much*
 civ'-il-i-zed, *not savage*
 fi'-bre, *a thread*

mal'-let, *a wooden hammer*
 gloss'-y, *shiny*
 fe-roc'-i-ty, *fierceness*
 ca-ress' (v.), *to fondle*
 del'-i-cate, *of gentle manners*
 fam-il'-i-ar, *knowing a thing*
 well
 prop'-er-ties, *qualities*
 trav'-el-ler, *one who travels*
 ad-di'-tion, *the act of adding*

'They had likewise,' continued the Captain, 'a method of preparing a liquor from the seeds of a grasslike plant steeped in water, with the addition of a bitter herb, and then set to work or ferment. I was prevailed upon to taste it, and at first thought it nasty enough, but in time I liked it pretty well. When a large quantity of the ingredients is used, it causes those who drink it to lose their senses for a time. But what astonished me most, was their use of a liquor so exceedingly hot and pungent that it seemed to burn the throat like fire. I once got a mouthful of it by mistake, thinking it was water, which it resembles in appearance; but I thought it would instantly have taken away my breath. Indeed, people are often killed by it, and yet many of them will swallow it greedily, whenever they can

get it. This, too, is said to be prepared from the seeds above-mentioned, which are innocent and useful in their natural state, though made to yield such a poisonous juice. Then some of them find pleasure in filling their mouths with the smoke of a certain weed, and others in thrusting a nasty powder up their nostrils.'

'I should think it would choke them,' said Jack.

'It always did me,' answered his father, 'only to stand by while they did it; but use, it is truly said, is second nature.'

'I was glad enough to leave this cold climate, and about half a year after I came to a milder one, where there were plenty of sweet-smelling flowers, and thousands of singing-birds. The people were tolerably gentle and civilized, and possessed many of the arts of life. Their dress was very various. Many were clothed only in a thin cloth made of the long fibres of the stalk of a plant cultivated for the purpose, which they prepared by soaking in water, and then beating with large mallets. Others wore cloth woven from a sort of vegetable wool growing in pods upon bushes. But the most singular material was a fine glossy stuff, used chiefly by the richer classes, which, as I was informed, is made out of the web of a sort of caterpillar: a most wonderful circumstance, if we consider the immense number of caterpillars necessary to produce so large a quantity of the stuff I saw used. One thing surprised me much, which was, that they bring up in their houses an animal of the tiger-kind, with very long sharp teeth and claws, and which, notwithstanding its natural ferocity, is played with and caressed by the most timid and delicate of their women.'

'I am sure I would not play with it,' said Jack.

‘Why, you might chance to get an ugly scratch if you did,’ said the Captain.

‘One of the oddest customs is that which the men use in saluting each other. Let the weather be what it will, they uncover their heads, and remain uncovered for some time, if they mean to be very respectful indeed.’

‘Why, that’s like pulling off our hats!’ said Jack.

‘Ah, papa,’ cried Bessy, ‘I’ve found you out! You have been telling us of our own country, and of what is done at home, all this while.’

‘But,’ said Jack, ‘we don’t burn stones, nor eat grease and powdered seeds, nor wear skins and caterpillars’ webs, nor play with tigers!’

‘No?’ said the Captain. ‘Pray what are coals but stones? and is not butter, grease? and corn, seeds? and leather, skins? and silk, the web of a kind of caterpillar? and may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tiger-kind, as a tiger an animal of the cat-kind?’

Learn to be as familiar with the uses and properties of things as you are with their names.—*Adapted from Evenings at Home.*

THE SABBATH BELL.

va'-ry-ing, *changing*
lag'-gard, *one who stays behind*
ran'-som, *that which is paid for
anyone's release*
way'-ward-ness, *fondness for
having one's own way*

clem'-en-cy, *mercy, kindness*
throng'-ing, *going in crowds
or throngs*
rev'-er-ence (v.), *to worship*
hal'-low-ed, *worshipped, sacred*
earth'-born, *born on the earth*

The Sabbath bell! the Sabbath bell!

To toil-worn men a soothing sound;

Now labour rests beneath its spell,

And holy stillness reigns around;

The ploughman's team, the thresher's flail,
The woodman's axe—their clamours cease ;
And only Nature's notes prevail,
To humble bosoms echoing peace.

The Sabbath bell ! the Sabbath bell !
How sweet on ears devout it falls !
While its sweet chime, with varying swell,
The rich and poor to worship calls.
Hark ! hark ! again with sharper peals,
It chides the laggard's fond delay ;
Now through the vale it softly steals,
To cheer the timely on their way.

The Sabbath bell ! the Sabbath bell !
What soul-awakening sounds we hear !
Its blessed invitations tell
Of welcome to the house of prayer.
'Come, sinner, come,' it seems to cry ;
'Oh, never doubt the Maker's love ;
Christ has thy ransom paid, then why
Delay His clemency to prove ?'

The Sabbath bell ! the Sabbath bell !
Oft have we heard its warning chime ;
And yet we love the world too well,
Nor feel our waywardness a crime.
Yet still thy calls, sweet bell, repeat,
Till, ended all our mortal strife,
In hand-built shrines no more we meet,
But worship in the realms of life.

The Sabbath bell ! the Sabbath bell !
Its friendly summons peals no more ;
The thronging crowds pour in with zeal,
The Great Jehovah to adore.

Hence, fancy wild !—hence, earth-born care !
 With awe let hallowed courts be trod ;
 Wake all the soul to love and prayer,
 And reverence the present God !—*Anonymous.*

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

pen'-du-lum, *part of a clock*
 sud'-den-ly, *all at once*
 di'-al-plate, *the face of a clock*
 cred'-it (*v.*), *to believe*
 in-ef-fect'-u-al, *useless*
 pro-test' (*v.*), *to declare*
 as-sign', *to state, to give*
 re-sume', *to go on again*
 fa-tigue' (*v.*), *to tire*
 hes-i-ta'-tion, *doubt*

ha-rangue' (*n.*), *a speech*
 grav'-i-ty, *seriousness*
 il-lus'-trate, *to explain by ex-ample*
 ex-er'-tion, *labour*
 ex'-e-cute, *to do*
 com-plain', *to find fault*
 con-sid-er-a'-tion, *thought*
 stag'-ger, *to make less con-fident*

An old Clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the Dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm ; the Hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course ; the Wheels remained motionless with surprise ; the Weights hung speechless,—each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the Dial instituted a formal enquiry into the cause of the stoppage, when Hands, Wheels, Weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard from the Pendulum, who thus spoke :—

‘I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking.’

Upon hearing this, the old Clock became so enraged, that it was on the point of striking.

'Lazy wire!' exclaimed the Dial-plate.

'As to that,' replied the Pendulum, 'it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me; it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness—you, who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year as I do.'

'As to that,' said the Dial, 'is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?'

'But what of that?' resumed the Pendulum; 'although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours—perhaps some of you above there can tell me the exact sum?'

The Minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, 'Eighty-six thousand four hundred times.'

'Exactly so,' replied the Pendulum. 'Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—I'll stop!'

The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but, resuming its gravity, at last replied: 'Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself

should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time ; so have we all, and are likely to do ; and though this may fatigue us to think of, the question is, will it fatigue us to do ? Would you do me the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument ?' The Pendulum replied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

'Now,' resumed the Dial, 'was that exertion at all fatiguing to you ?'

'Not in the least,' replied the Pendulum ; 'it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions.'

'Very good,' replied the Dial ; 'but recollect, that although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one ; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in.'

'That consideration staggers me, I confess,' said the Pendulum.

'Then I hope,' added the Dial-plate, 'we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus.'

Upon this the Weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed ; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum to wag, and to its credit ticked as loud as ever ; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen-shutter, shining full upon the Dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the Clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.—*Jane Taylor.*

MRS. GRAMMAR'S BALL.

gram'-mar, *the science of words*
 an-nounce', *to give notice*
 min'-ute, *sixty seconds*
 mi-nute' (*adj.*), *very small*
 ut'-ter (*v.*), *to speak*
 spright'-ly, *lively*
 in-tel'-li-gent, *knowing*
 at-tend', *to wait on*
 res'-cue (*n.*), *deliverance*

band, *a company*
 up-roar'-i-ous, *noisy*
 dis-play' (*n.*), *a show*
 glo'-ri-ous, *grand*
 mis-for'-tune, *bad fortune*
 mon'-ster, *an unnatural animal*
 pounce, *to spring on*
 con-found', *to confuse*
 pro-tec'-tion, *defence.*

Mrs. Grammar once gave a fine ball
 To the nine different Parts of our Speech ;
 To the short and the tall,
 To the stout and the small,
 There were pies, plums, and puddings for each.
 And first little Articles came,
 In a hurry to make themselves known,—
 Fat A, An, and The ;
 But none of the three
 Could stand for a minute alone.
 Then Adjectives came to announce
 That their dear friends the Nouns were at hand ;
 Rough, rougher, and roughest,
 Tough, tougher, and toughest,
Fat, merry, good-natured, and grand.
 The Nouns were indeed on their way,
 Tens of thousands, and more I should think ;
 For each name that we utter—
 Shop, shoulder, or shutter,
 Is a Noun ; *lady, lion, or link.*
 The Pronouns were hastening past
 To push the Nouns out of their places ;
 I, thou, he, and she,
 You, it, they, and we,
 With their sprightly intelligent faces.

Some cried out, 'Make way for the Verbs!
A great crowd is coming in view!'

To *light* and to *smite*,

To *fight* and to *bite*,

To *be*, and to *have*, and to *do*.

The Adverbs attend on the Verbs,
Behind as their footmen they run;

As thus, 'to fight *badly*,

And 'run *away gladly*,

Show how fighting and running were done.

Prepositions came, *in*, *by*, and *near*;

With *Conjunctions*, a small friendly band,

As *either* you or he,

But *neither* I nor she,

They held their great friends by the hand.

Then in, with a *Hip, hip, hurrah!*

Rushed in Interjections uproarious;

Dear me! well-a-day!

When they saw the display,

'*Ha! ha!*' they all shouted out, 'glorious!'

But, alas! what misfortunes were nigh!

While the fun and the feasting pleased each,

Pounced on them at once

A monster—a Dunce!

And confounded the Nine Parts of Speech!

Help! friends! to the rescue! on you

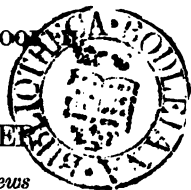
For aid Verb and Article call;

Oh! give your protection

To poor Interjection,

Noun, Pronoun, Conjunction, and all!

Play Hour.



WHANG THE MILLER

av-a-ri'-cious, *greedy of gain*
 re-spect' (v.), *to think well of*
 ac-quaint'-ed, *known to each*
other
 men'-tion (v.), *to speak of*
 aught, *anything*
 cer'-tain, *sure*
 fru-gal'-i-ty, *carefulness*
 con-tem'-plate, *to think over*
 ac-qui-si'-tions, *gains*
 af-flu-ence, *riches*

ti'dings, *news*
 neg-lect' (v.), *to pay no atten-*
tion to
 con-ceal'-ed, *hidden*
 suc-ceed'-ing, *following*
 mat'-tock, *a kind of pickaxe*
 un-der-mine', *to dig beneath*
 o'-men, *a sign*
 rap'-tures, *great joy*
 as-sist', *to help*
 en-tire', *whole*

Whang the Miller was naturally avaricious ; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, 'I know him very well ; he and I have long been acquainted ; he and I are intimate.' But if ever a poor man was mentioned, he 'had not the least knowledge of the man :' he might be very well for aught he knew ; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang however, with all his eagerness for riches, was poor. He had nothing but the profits of his Mill to support him : but though these were small, they were certain ; while it stood and went, he was sure of eating ; and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would every now and then count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires ; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence. One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money underground, having dreamed

of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. 'Here am I,' says he, 'toiling and moiling from morning to night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Thanks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him! With what pleasure would I dig round the pan! how sily I would carry it home! not even my wife should see me: and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!' Such reflections only served to make the Miller unhappy: he neglected his business, he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last however seemed to smile upon him, and indulged him with his wished-for vision. He dreamed, that under a certain part of the foundation of his Mill there was concealed a huge pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money-dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its truth. His wishes in this also were answered; still he dreamed of the same pan of money in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he went alone with a mattock in his hand to the Mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken ring; digging still deeper, he turned up a house-tile still new and entire. At last, after much digging,

he came to a broad flat stone, but then it was so large, it was beyond a man's strength to remove it. 'There!' cried he, in raptures, to himself, 'here it is; under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must go home at once to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up.' Away therefore he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may readily be imagined; she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy. But those transports, however, did not allay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, therefore, together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not, indeed, the expected treasure—but the Mill, their only support, undermined and fallen!—*Goldsmith*.

THE COW AND THE ASS.

peb'-ble, a small round stone
 brook, a small stream
 stray, to wander
 op-press', to overpower
 com'-plai-sant, desirous to
 please
 ma'am, madam
 di-rect'-ly, at once
 in'-jure, to harm
 wit, wisdom
 cov'-ert, a shelter

cer'-tain-ly, without doubt
 oft, often
 pre-sume', to act without leave
 swain, a countryman
 in-ter-rupt', to hinder
 ob-serve', to say
 re-solve' (v.), to make up one's
 mind
 ty'-rant, a cruel master
 re-gale', to feast
 ben'-e-fit (v.), to get good

Beside a green meadow a stream used to flow,
 So clear one might see the white pebbles below;
 To this cooling brook the warm cattle would stray,
 To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.
 A Cow, quite oppress'd by the heat of the sun,
 Came here to refresh, as she often had done,

And standing quite still, leaning over the stream,
 Was thinking perhaps, or perhaps she might dream ;
 But soon a brown Ass, of respectable look,
 Came trotting up also to taste of the brook,
 And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass.
 ‘How d’ye do?’ said the Cow : ‘How d’ye do?’ said
 the Ass.

‘Take a seat,’ cried the Cow, gently waving her hand,
 ‘By no means, dear madam,’ said he, ‘while you
 stand ;’

Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
 ‘Ma’am, your health,’ said the Ass : ‘Thank you, sir,’
 said the Cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been
 passed,

They laid themselves down on the herbage at last,
 And waiting politely (as gentlemen must),
 The Ass held his tongue that the Cow might speak
 first ;

Then, with a deep sigh, she directly began,

‘Don’t you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man ?

’Tis a subject that lies with a weight on my mind,
 We certainly are much oppressed by mankind.

Now, what is the reason (I see none at all)

That I always must go when Suke chooses to call ?

Whatever I’m doing (’tis certainly hard),

I’m forced to leave off to be milked in the yard ;

I’ve no will of my own, but must do as they please,

And give them my milk to make butter and cheese ;

I’ve oft a great mind to kick down the pail,

Or give Suke a box on the ears with my tail.

‘But, ma’am,’ said the Ass, ‘not presuming to teach—

Oh, dear ! I beg pardon—pray finish your speech—

I thought you had finished, indeed’ (said the swain),

‘Go on, and I’ll not interrupt you again.’

'Why, sir, I was only about to observe,
 I'm resolved that these tyrants no longer I'll serve,
 But leave them for ever to do as they please,
 And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese.'
 Ass waited a moment to see if she'd done,
 And then, 'Not presuming to teach,' he begun,
 'With submission, dear madam, to your better wit,
 I own I'm not quite convinced by it yet.
 That you're of great service to them is quite true,
 But surely they are of some service to you;
 'Tis their pleasant meadow in which you regale,
 They feed you in winter, when grass and weeds fail,
 And then a warm covert they always provide,
 Dear madam, to shelter your delicate hide.
 For my own part, I know I receive much from man,
 And for him, in return, I'll do all that I can.'
 The Cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,
 Not pleased at thus being reproved by an Ass;
 Yet, thought she, 'I'm determined to benefit by't,
 For I really believe the fellow is right.'

Jane Taylor.

THE MAN IN THE FUSTIAN JACKET.

dil'-i-gent, *attentive to one's
business*
 pal-i-sade', *a fence formed of
pales*
 o'-chre, *a kind of clay*
 um'-ber, *a brown kind of stone*
 gam-boge', *a yellow gum*
 ver-mil'-ion, *a red colour made
of quicksilver and sulphur*
 fus'-tian, *a sort of cloth*
 pause, *to stop*

gher'-kin, *a small sort of cu-
cumber*
 cap'-si-cum, *a fruit of a hot
and biting taste*
 sper-ma-ce'-ti, *a substance
found in the stomach of the
sperm-whale*
 e-nu'-mer-ate, *to count num-
bers, reckon up*
 be-nev'-o-lent, *wishing well to
others*
 punc'-tu-al, *strict as to time*

It is an excellent thing for a man to be diligent in what he undertakes. If business is to answer, it

must be attended to. If a plan is to succeed, it must be followed up with spirit.

You shall have an instance of this. I will tell you of the man in the fustian jacket.

Soon after I came to live in this house, as I was painting the palisades of my little garden at the front, a man in a fustian jacket stopped at the gate. 'You have a pretty little garden here, sir,' said he, 'and it looks all the better for the fresh paint on the railings. I live just round the corner, and if you should ever want colours of any kind, I should be very happy to supply you. I have ivory black, drop black, blue black, and lamp black; very good browns, purples, Spanish, and Vandyke; and though I say it, nobody has better blues, ochres, and umbers. Those who deal with me say I am famous for my gamboge, king's-yellow, and chrome-yellow; and as for vermilion, both English and Chinese, white lead and flake white, Brunswick green, emerald green, and mineral green, there is none better than mine to be had.'

No sooner had I told him that no colour of any kind was wanted by me, than he thanked me civilly, again spoke of my pretty garden, and went on. 'I wish,' thought I, rather hastily, 'that he would keep his gamboge, king's-yellow, and vermilions to himself; what do I want with his colours?'

The next morning, as I stood in my little garden, again came the man in the fustian jacket, carrying a large jar. 'How nice and fresh the shower last night has made your garden, sir!' said he. 'I am taking a jar of my neatsfoot oil to one of your neighbours. If anything in the oil way should at any time be wanted, linseed or boiled, common train, seal, sperm, or Florence, in flasks, I shall be

happy to serve you. I live only just round the corner.'

'What does the man mean,' said I to myself, when he had gone, 'pestering me with his linseed and boiled oil? I want none of it. I am not to be compelled against my will, I suppose, to buy his greasy oils. Why cannot the man keep quiet?'

'Rather warm, sir,' said the man in the fustian jacket, as he paused for a moment, on passing by in the middle of the same day. 'Rather warm, sir; not exactly the day for hot joints, but better suited for cold meat and pickles. I am running with a pot of pickles to that house with the green blinds yonder. If you are fond of pickles, sir, my capers and cucumbers would just suit you; but I have all sorts—olives (both French and Spanish), onions, gherkins, walnuts, French-beans, cabbage, capsicums, and cauliflower. I live rather handy for you, sir, only three doors round the corner.'

'Yes,' thought I, 'you live handy enough to torment me. One would think it would be quite time enough to tell me all about your capers and your cucumbers, your capsicums and your cauliflowers, when I ask you; but that will be some time hence, I promise you.' I began to be sadly out of temper.

On the evening of the same day, just as I was entering in at my garden-gate, once more went by the man in the fustian jacket. 'Almost time to light up, sir,' said he. 'I somehow forgot, when I was out with my basket this morning, to leave four pounds of moulds at one of my customers', and so I am taking them now. If you should want candles of any kind, sir, you will find my store-dips, fine wax, spermaceti, cocoa-nut, composite, and metallic wicks, excellent. Perhaps, sir, you will give me a trial

some day ; for I am, as I may say, a sort of neighbour of yours, my shop being only just round the corner.'

Hardly could I keep my temper while he was talking to me ; but when he was gone I gave way sadly. 'He will be a daily plague to me,' said I ; 'and I wish that I had never come into the neighbourhood, or that he and his tallow-candles were a hundred miles off!'

I was pulling up a weed or two on the following day in my little garden, as Betty came out to the door with her broom to sweep the steps, and at the same instant I heard the voice of the man in the fustian jacket, who, as usual, was on his way to take some article or other to his customers. 'You deserve a garden, sir,' said he, 'for you keep it so nice and tidy. Your girl there knows how to handle a broom, I see. I sell brooms, sir, and brushes of all kinds, —best shoe-brushes in sets, scrubbing-brushes, stove, furniture, tooth, clothes, and hat-brushes, as well as thrum-mops, and hemp and wool mats. I supply everything in the kitchen way,—housemaids' gloves, blacklead, servants' friend, beeswax, turpentine, scouring-paper, emery, fullers'-earth, whiting, pipe-clay, paste in pots, hearthstones, knife-bricks, masons'-dust, firewood, and matches. I think I told you, sir, that I live just round the corner.'

'Yes, you did tell me,' thought I ; 'and I have a great mind to tell you something. Hardly can I stir out into my front garden without being annoyed with a-long list of oils, pickles, candles, and kitchen articles ; but one thing I am determined on, and that is, that neither oil, pickles, candles, nor kitchen articles, from your shop, shall ever come into my house!'

From that time, not a single day passed without my

seeing, and hearing too, the man in the fustian jacket. He seemed not only always ready to catch me in my garden, but always ready to take advantage of any little circumstance that occurred. At one time, coming up as Betty brought in a fish, he thought it a very fine one, and told me that he kept the best sauces, and indeed sauces of all kinds,—anchovy, Burgess's essence, catsup, mushroom, and walnut, Indian soy, and curry-powder; as well as all kinds of spices, nutmegs, cinnamon, pimento, cloves, ginger, mace, pepper,—black, Cayenne, Chili, long and white.

At another time, when I had hung up my canary in the front, there he stood by the gate, calling it a pretty creature, and telling me that he sold bird-seed of every sort, and bird-sand. On a third occasion, he overtook me just as I stepped across to the post-office with a letter. 'We are both on the same errand, sir,' said he, 'for I have a letter to put in the office myself. It was directed by my son. See, sir, what a beautiful hand he writes!' And then he failed not to tell me that he sold writing-paper, good ink, sealing-wax and wafers, and excellent blacklead pencils; not forgetting to remind me, as before, that his shop was no distance from my house, being only just round the corner. In short, morning, noon, and night, whether at home in my garden or walking abroad, I never seemed secure from having the man in the fustian jacket at my elbow. Again and again he enumerated the articles he sold, and again he informed me that he lived just round the corner.

Man is a changeable creature, and, in many respects, it is well that he is so; for if all his angry feelings and unjust opinions were to remain ever the same, he would be more unlovely than he now is.

In my anger, I thought unjustly of the man in the fustian jacket; but, in a little time, my anger passed away, for he turned out to be an honest, industrious, kind-hearted, and benevolent man. True it is that he pursued his business with more ardour than tradesmen usually do; but then he was attentive, punctual, and as upright in executing his orders as he was active in obtaining them. His perseverance prevailed: I tried him—made enquiries about him—liked him, and at last so heartily respected him, that, from that time to this, all the colours, oils, pickles, candles, kitchen articles, sauces, spices, bird-seed, writing-paper, ink, sealing-wax, wafers, and black-lead pencils that I have required, have been bought of him; nor have I ever once regretted the circumstance of his shop being only three doors round the corner.—*Old Humphrey.*

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

a-non', *quickly, soon*
 no'-table, *remarkable*
 main-tain', *to keep up, to pre-serve*
 trea'-son, *an offence against that to which we owe duty or obedience*
 liege, *a sovereign, a superior lord*
 quoth, *said*
 geere, *possessions, property*
 stead, *place*
 roch'-et, *a surplice*
 deere, *injury, hurt*
 liege-man, *a subject, a vassal*
 shal'-low (adj.), *not deep*

en-dear'-our (n.), *effort for a certain purpose*
 de-vise', *to plan, invent*
 for'-feit (v.), *to lose by some offence*
 sump'-tu-ous, *costly, splendid*
 cro'-zier, *the pastoral staff of a bishop*
 mi'-tre, *a kind of crown worn by a bishop*
 cope (n.), *a kind of cloak worn by priests in ministering*
 no'-ble (n.), *a coin valued at six shillings and eightpence*

An ancient story I'll tell you anon,
 Of a notable prince that was called King John;

And he ruled England with main and with might,
And he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

A hundred men, the King did hear say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

'How now, Father Abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.'

'My liege,' quoth the Abbot, 'I would it were known,
I never spend aught but what is my own;
And I trust your Grace will do me no deere
For spending my own true-gotten geere.'

'Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

'And first,' quoth the King, 'when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Thou must tell to one penny what I am worth.

'Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.'

'O these are hard questions for my shallow wit!
And I cannot answer your Grace as yet;

But if you will give me three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace.'

'Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy living are forfeit to me.'

Away rode the Abbot, all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd agoing to fold;
'How now, my Lord Abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from good King John?'

'Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

'The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liegemen so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

'The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.'

'Now cheer up, Sir Abbot, did you never hear yet
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Send me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

'Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your Lordship as ever may be;

And if you will for once but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us in fair London town.'

'Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier and mitre, and rochet and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the Pope.'

'Now welcome, Sir Abbot,' the King he did say,
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

'And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head;
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

'For thirty pence Our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than He.'

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,*

'I did not think I had been worth so little!
Now, secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.'

'You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your Grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.'

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Jove,

'I did not think it could be gone so soon;
Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.'

* St. Botolph.

Yea, that I shall do, and make your Grace merry ;
 You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury ;
 But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
 That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.'

The King he laughed, and swore by the mass,
 ' I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place ;'
 ' Nay, nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
 For, alack ! I can neither write nor read.'

' Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
 For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me ;
 And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King
 John.'

Old Ballad.

WINTER QUARTERS.

dis-turb', to move, to annoy
 glu'-tin-ous, sticky, like glue
 tor'-pid, not active
 au'-tumn, the third season of
 the year
 im-a'-gine, to think
 ru'-ral, relating to the country
 pro-vis'-ion, something provided
 ne-ces'-si-ties, wants
 quar'-ters, homes

wood'-chuck, an American
 animal of the rabbit kind
 re-quire', to need.
 in'-stinct, natural knowledge
 of animals
 nour'-ish-ment, food
 haunts, homes
 en-li'-ven, to make cheerful
 rig'-or-ous, severe
 hy'-ber-na-tion, winter rest

' Mamma—mamma !' said Alexander, one day,
 upon his return from his cousin's house, ' Miss P.
 showed me a Tortoise this morning. It looked as
 though it were dead, and yet Miss P. said it was only
 asleep, and that it would wake up in three months.
 Only think what a long nap !'

' That long sleep, my dear, is called *hybernation*,
 or winter rest. The Tortoise, as well as many other
 animals, sleeps just so every winter. The Dormouse,

the Squirrel, the Snail, the Woodchuck, and the Hedgehog, all hybernate during the cold weather.'

'But where are they, mamma?' said Anna; 'we never see Bees or Snails asleep in the winter.'

'Bees are safe in their hives, and may be easily seen; but those who keep them cover them up, and do not like to have them disturbed. Snails dig holes in the ground, and sink down so far as to be out of the reach of the frost; and then they close up their shells with a glutinous slime, and remain torpid till spring. You have seen lively little Squirrels in the woods in the autumn, skipping among the boughs of trees; but when winter comes, they, along with Dormice and Hedgehogs, live in the trunks of hollow trees, or have nests in the ground; so that they have nothing to do but stay at home and go to bed.'

'But where do they get food all this time?'

'All hybernating animals who require food are taught by instinct to lay up a store of such things as suit them best. When they are hungry they wake up and eat as much as they want, and go to sleep again.'

'Is that the reason why Mr. P. always leaves some honey in the hives when he takes the autumn stock?' said Anna.

'Certainly. He knows the poor Bees will need some food before the flowers of spring are plentiful enough to supply them sufficiently. Tortoises, Bears, and some other animals exist all winter without any nourishment, though they grow much lighter towards the latter part of their long sleep.'

'How very curious this sleepy habit is, mamma! Do the animals require such a long rest?'

'No, I do not imagine that can be the reason; because some animals, which in their usual haunts

spend some months thus, when placed in warmer situations, do not sleep except at night. The Field Cricket, for instance, hybernates in rural districts; but when it is sufficiently near houses it migrates, as it were, to the kitchen hearth, and there enlivens us with his chirp all the winter. The Bear too, which in his native country sleeps for several months in the year, takes his rest only at night when he is brought to England. You may see this for yourselves at the Regent's Park Gardens in London. This winter sleep seems, therefore, a merciful provision for those animals who could get no proper food in that rigorous season, or who would die if exposed to the cold frosty air. The same wonderful instinct which causes those who require it to store up food, teaches them to awake at the proper season, when the warm air and opening buds supply their necessities.'—*Child's Companion*.

WHAT AM I?

pro-noun'-ced, *spoken*
 scorn'-ful, *full of scorn*
 com-pas'-sion-ate, *showing pity*
 slug'-gish, *slow*
 ex-press'-ive, *full of meaning*
 con-tract'-ed, *drawn in, made*
 smaller

lan'-guid, *drooping*
 va'-cant, *empty, without mean-*
 ing
 in-vis-i'-ble, *that cannot be seen*
 whim'-si-cal, *fanciful*
 ob'-sti-nate, *stubborn*
 wa'-ter, *lustre of gems*

Pronounced as one letter, and written with three,
 Two letters there are and two only in me.
 I am double, am single, am black, blue, and grey,
 I am read from both ends, and the same either way.
 I am restless and wandering, steady and fixed,
 And you know not one hour what I may be the
 next.

I melt and I kindle, beseech and defy,
I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.
I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek,
I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak.
I am sluggish and dead, I am lively and bright,
I am sharp, I am flat, I am left, I am right.
I am piercing and clear, I am heavy and dull,
Expressive and languid, contracted and full.
I am careless and vacant, I search and I pry,
And judge, and decide, and examine, and try.
I'm a globe, and a mirror, a window, a door,
An index, an organ, and fifty things more.
I belong to all animals under the sun,
And to those which were long understood to have
none.

By some I am said to exist in the mind,
And am found in potatoes, and needles, and wind.
Three jackets I own, of glass, water, and horn,
And I wore them all three on the day I was born.
I am covered quite snug, have a lid and a fringe,
Yet I move every way on invisible hinge.
A pupil I have, a most whimsical wight,
Who is little by day and grows big in the night;
Whom I cherish with care, as a part of myself,
For in truth I depend on this delicate elf,
Who collects all my food, and with wonderful knack,
Throws it into a net which I keep at my back;
And, though heels over head it arrives in a trice,
It is sent up to table all proper and nice.
I am spoken of sometimes as if I were glass,
But then it is false, and the trick will not pass.
A blow makes me run, though I have not a limb;
Though I neither have fins nor a bladder, I swim.
Like many more couples, my partner and I,
At times will look cross at each other, and shy;

Yet still though we differ in what we're about,
 One will do all the work when the other is out.
 I am least apt to cry, as they always remark,
 When trimmed with good lashes, or kept in the dark.
 Should I fret and be heated, they put me to bed,
 And leave me to cool upon water and bread.
 But if hardened I grow, they make use of the knife,
 Lest an obstinate humour endanger my life.

Or you may, though the treatment appears to be
 rough,

Run a spit through my side, and with safety enough.
 Like boys who are fond of their fruit and their play,
 I am seen with my ball and my apple all day.

My belt is a rainbow, I reel and I dance ;

I am said to retire, though I never advance.

I am read by physicians as one of their books,
 And am used by the ladies to fasten their hooks.

My language is plain, though it cannot be heard,

And I speak without ever pronouncing a word.

Some call me a diamond—some say I am jet ;

Others talk of my water, or how I am set.

I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,

An isle of the sea in an Irishman's dream.

The earth without me would no loveliness wear,

And sun, moon, and stars at my wish disappear ;

Yet so frail is my tenure, so brittle my joy,

That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

Anonymous.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

vet'-er-ans, *old soldiers*
 in-trep'-id, *brave*
 pa-tri-ot'-ic, *filled with love*
 for one's country
 res-pect'-ive, *belonging or re-*
 lating to each one
 ro-man'-tic, *like a romance or*
 mere story
 doubt'-less, *without doubt*
 per-pen-dic'-u-lar, *upright*

mu'-ti-ny, *a rising against*
 lawful authority
 rel'-ic, *something left and pre-*
 served as a memorial
 mus'-cu-lar, *having large and*
 strong muscles
 re-morse', *sorrow for sin*
 com-mu'-ni-ty, *a number of*
 persons living together
 ver'-dure, *grass, &c.*

There are several small islands in various parts of the world which have been the scenes of remarkable events. There is Corsica, the birthplace of the Great Napoleon; Elba, the prison from which he escaped, once more to lead his veterans to war; and St. Helena, the prison from which he escaped only through the gates of Death. There is Juan Fernandez, the supposed scene of the most interesting of Robinson Crusoe's adventures; and there is Hawaii, where the brave Captain Cook was murdered. There are the Fern Islands, the abode of the intrepid Grace Darling; and Caprera, the home of the patriotic Garibaldi. There is Malta, where St. Paul was shipwrecked; and Patmos, where St. John saw the wonders described in his 'Revelation.'

Of these islands you will read elsewhere. I wish you now simply to find them on your maps, and recollect their respective positions.

There is another island which I have not mentioned, whose romantic history will doubtless interest you. It is called Pitcairn's Island; and if you turn to your maps you will find it in the Pacific Ocean, a little to the south of the Tropic of Capricorn. It is one of a group named the Low Islands, which are

south of the Marquesas. It is two-and-a-quarter miles long, and about one mile in breadth. The coast is nearly perpendicular, and, except in a very few places, it is impossible to land. The cliffs are in many parts eleven hundred feet high, and can be seen at a distance of fifty miles. It has a wild but beautiful appearance, its summits being clothed with verdure, and the bases of the cliffs skirted with thickly-branching evergreens.

In the year 1787 Captain Bligh, who had served four years under Captain Cook, was appointed to the command of the *Bounty*, a small vessel of 215 tons, which the Government sent out to convey from the South Sea Islands to the West Indies plants of the breadfruit tree, in order that it might be cultivated in Jamaica and the neighbouring islands for the use of the slave population. He made a prosperous voyage out, and after staying for twenty-three weeks at Tahiti, or Otaheite, left with a good supply of healthy plants, well chosen and carefully packed.

On the morning of the 28th of April, 1789, Captain Bligh was suddenly awakened by a strange noise on deck. Rushing from his cabin without staying to dress, he found there was mutiny on board. He was at once tied to the mainmast, whilst the mutineers consulted together what they should do with him and those of their fellow-sailors who would not join them. Shortly they forced him, with eighteen men, into the ship's launch, and, giving them a small supply of provisions and water, cut the boat adrift; and the *Bounty*, with twenty-five men, under the command of Fletcher Christian, the mate, returned to Tahiti. Here the mutineers remained some time, but in 1790 nine of them, with eighteen natives (six

men and twelve women), left and settled on Pitcairn's Island. Here they found no inhabitants, and the soil being very fertile, they might have lived in comfort. But they soon began to quarrel among themselves, and to murder one another; until, in ten years' time, only one man (John Adams, an Englishman), the women, and some children were left alive.

Captain Bligh and his companions endured great privations on the wide ocean in their little boat. The scorching sun almost drove them mad, and the provisions which had been thrown to them out of the ship—consisting of some pork, bread, water, rum, and wine—were so small in quantity that starvation soon stared them in the face. At the best Bligh could serve out only about an ounce of pork to each person, and was feign to weigh the allowance of bread against a pistol bullet, and in the most urgent need could administer wine or rum only by the teaspoonful. The necessities of the party were so great, that when a stray bird was caught, its blood was poured into the mouths of three of the people who were nearest death, and the body, with entrails, beak, and feet, was divided into eighteen shares. For nearly two months were these poor men tossed about by the winds and waves, suffering intensely, now from heat, now from cold, and always from hunger and thirst. They became weak, gaunt, and ghastly. Their legs swelled, and their high-spirited, courageous, and persevering captain began to fear they were going mad.

At last, on the 14th of June 1789, they landed at Coupang, a Dutch settlement in the island of Timor, in the East Indies, and in the following March Bligh reached Portsmouth. Soon after he published his narrative, which I hope you will some day read for yourselves. The gourd out of which he ate—the

horn with which he measured out about a quarter of a pint daily to each man—the bullet with which he weighed the bread—the book in which he wrote notes of the events that happened day by day—of their dreadful sufferings, of their lessening hopes and increasing fears, and in which he wrote a prayer for their daily use, are still preserved, and are as interesting and affecting relics as any which our nation prizes amongst its most valued treasures.

In 1815 Sir Thomas Staines touched at Pitcairn's Island in the *Briton* frigate. Two of the natives were invited to dine with him in his cabin. They were tall handsome youths, six feet high, with dark hair and open pleasing countenances; and, wearing nothing more than a piece of cloth round the loins, and a straw hat ornamented with black cock's feathers, their fine forms and muscular limbs showed to great advantage. On sitting down to table, these apparently half-savages suddenly clasped their hands together; and one of them, to the great astonishment of the Captain, repeated solemnly in English the familiar words, 'For what we are about to receive the Lord make us truly thankful!'

They proved to be the sons, by Tahitian mothers, of Christian and Young, two of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, who had been brought up in the love and fear of God by old John Adams. Captain Beechey has written a very pleasing account of his visit to the island, and from him and numerous others we derive our knowledge of this interesting colony.

It appears that some Bibles and Prayer Books had been brought by the mutineers from the *Bounty*. John Adams perused them, and, stung with remorse for the wickedness of his past life, and doubtless looking upon himself as one of the murderers of his

captain and his fellow-sailors, he became a genuine Christian convert. He immediately commenced the religious instruction of the little community, and with great success. Every visitor to the island describes the people as peaceable, industrious, kind, and hospitable. 'All those old enough can read and write. There is no drunkenness, and all questions in dispute are settled by a magistrate chosen by themselves, or by a jury. Should these not suffice to put matters straight, the question is laid before the captain of the first British man-of-war that touches at the island, and his decision, as an officer of the Queen, is final.' In 1851 there were 81 male and 79 female inhabitants. They lived in clean, well-built, and comfortable dwellings, at the west end of the island, and had named the place Adamstown.

They had a large building, which was used as a chapel and schoolroom. The women, besides their household duties, employed themselves in cultivating the ground, which produces potatoes, yams, maize, and various fruits—plantains, breadfruit, oranges, melons, limes, &c. These they exchanged for clothing and other necessaries from the whale-ships which touched at the island. The men employed themselves in building, fishing, and hunting.

About the year 1855 one of the native young men was brought over to this country, and returned some time after an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. It was, however, soon found that the supply of water on the island was not sufficient for its increasing population; and our Government therefore gave the people Norfolk Island for a home, and took them there at its own expense. You will find this island on your maps, about 400 miles N.W. of

New Zealand. It is a lovely and fertile spot, but it had been for some years used as a prison, to which the worst convicts were sent from England. They had been employed in making roads, building houses, and tilling the land; and when it ceased to be a convict station, all on the island was given up to the Pitcairners.—*Editors.*

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

re-solve' (n.), a determination
 bar'-ley-corn, a grain of barley
 kind'-ly, doing good
 sore, very much
 sul'-try, very hot
 so'-ber, steady
 wan, sickly-looking
 fail, to miss
 weap'-on, a thing to fight with
 rogue, a thief

for'-ger-y, signing another's
 name without his consent
 cudg'-el, to beat with a stick
 dark'-some, rather dark
 woe, evil
 east, where the sun rises
 dead'-ly, causing death
 clod, a lump of earth
 sick'-en, to become ill
 wrong, to do harm to

There went three kings into the East,
 Three kings both great and high ;
 And they have made a firm resolve,
 John Barleycorn shall die !

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
 Put clods upon his head ;
 And then, without a doubt, they thought
 John Barleycorn was dead !

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
 And showers began to fall ;
 John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong ;
His head well armed with pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
And he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They took a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up then a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
And heaved in poor John Barleycorn,
To let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe ;
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they have drunk his very heart's blood;
 And drunk it round and round;
 And so farewell, John Barleycorn!
 Thy fate thou now hast found.

Burns.

THE BATTLE OF POPGUNS.

vale, *a hollow part of the land*
 pre-vail, *to be usual or common*
 com-mu'-ni-ty, *a number of*
 people living together
 sup-po-si'-tion, *a thought*
 bam-boo', *a sort of cane*
 oc-ca'-sion-al-ly, *now and then*
 be-la'-bour, *to beat*
 tube, *a pipe*

pro-ject'-ed, *driven forward*
 ord'-nance, *cannon*
 de-li'-ri-ous, *out of one's mind*
 ec'-sta-cy, *great delight*
 ven'-er-a-ble, *respectable on ac-*
 count of age
 ma'-tron, *a mother of a family*
 in-gen-u'-ity, *skill*
 di-min'-u-tive, *small*

In my various wanderings through the vale, and as I became better acquainted with the character of its inhabitants, I was more and more struck with the lighthearted joyousness that everywhere prevailed. The minds of these simple savages, unoccupied by matters of graver moment, were capable of deriving the utmost delight from circumstances which would have passed unnoticed in more intelligent communities. All their enjoyment, indeed, seemed to be made up of the little trifling incidents of the passing hour; but these diminutive items swelled altogether to an amount of happiness seldom experienced by more enlightened individuals, whose pleasures are drawn from more elevated but rarer sources.

What community, for instance, of refined and intellectual mortals would derive the least satisfaction from shooting Popguns? The mere supposition of such a thing being possible, would excite their indignation, and yet the whole population of Typee did

little else for ten days than occupy themselves with that childish amusement—fairly screaming, too, with the delight it afforded them.

One day I was frolicking with a little spirited urchin, some six years old, who chased me with a piece of bamboo, about three feet long, with which he occasionally belaboured me. Seizing the stick from him, the idea happened to suggest itself that I might make for the youngster, out of the slender tube, one of those nursery muskets with which I had sometimes seen children playing. Accordingly, with my knife, I made two parallel slits in the cane, several inches in length; and cutting loose at one end the elastic strip between, bent it back, and slipped the point into a little notch made for the purpose. Any small substance placed against this would be projected with considerable force through the tube, by merely springing the bent strip out of the notch.

Had I possessed the remotest idea of the sensation this piece of ordnance was destined to produce, I should certainly have taken out a patent for the invention. The boy scampered away with it, half delirious with ecstasy; and in twenty minutes afterwards, I might have been seen surrounded by a noisy crowd—venerable old greybeards—responsible fathers of families—valiant warriors—matrons—young men—girls and children, all holding in their hands bits of bamboo, and each clamouring to be served first.

For three or four hours I was engaged in manufacturing Popguns, but at last I made over my goodwill and interest in the concern to a lad of remarkably quick parts, whom I soon initiated into the art and mystery.

Pop, pop, pop, pop! now resounded all over the valley. Duels, skirmishes, pitched battles, and

general engagements were to be seen on every side. Here, as you walked along a path which led through a thicket, you fell into a cunningly-laid ambush, and became a target for a body of musketeers, whose tattooed limbs you could just see peeping into view through the foliage. There, you were assailed by the intrepid garrison of a house, who levelled their bamboo rifles at you from between the upright canes which composed its sides. Farther on you were fired upon by a detachment of sharpshooters, mounted on the top of a pi-pi.

Pop, pop, pop, pop! Green guavas, seeds, and berries were flying about in every direction; and during this dangerous state of affairs, I was half afraid that, like the man and his brazen bull, I should fall a victim to my own ingenuity. Like everything else, however, the excitement gradually wore away, though ever after occasional Popguns might be heard at all hours of the day.—*Typee*, by *Herman Melville*.

NONGTONGPAW.

sci'-en-ces, *special branches of knowledge*
ob-se'-qui-ous, *compliant*
as-ton'-ish-ed, *struck with wonder*

en-chant'-ed, *greatly delighted*
pas'-time, *amusement*
splen'-dour, *pomp, magnificence*

John Bull for pastime took a prance,
Some time ago, to peep at France;
To talk of sciences and arts,
And knowledge gained in foreign parts.
Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
And answered John in heathen Greek.
To all he asked 'bout all he saw,
'Twas, 'Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas.*'

* I do not understand you, sir.

John, to the Palais-Royal come,
 Its splendour almost struck him dumb :
 'I say, whose house is that there here ?'
 'House ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.'
 'What ! Nongtongpaw again !' cries John ;
 'This fellow is some mighty Don :
 No doubt he's plenty for the maw,
 I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw.'

John saw Versailles from Marli's height,
 And cried, astonished at the sight,
 'Whose fine estate is that there here ?'
 'State ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.'
 'His ? what ! the land and houses too ?
 The fellow's richer than a Jew :
 On everything he lays his claw !
 I'd like to dine with Nongtongpaw.'

Next tripping came a courtly fair ;
 John cried, enchanted with her air,
 'What lovely wench is that there here ?'
 'Ventch ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.'
 'What ! he again ? Upon my life !
 A palace, lands, and then a wife
 Sir Joshua * would delight to draw,
 And I to sup with, Nongtongpaw.'

'But hold ! whose funeral's that ?' cries John,
 'Je vous n'entends pas.'—'What ! he's gone ?
 Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
 Poor Nongtongpaw then from the grave !
 His race is run, his game is up,—
 I'd with him breakfast, dine, or sup ;
 But since he chooses to withdraw,
 Good-night t'ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw.'

C. Dibdin.

* Referring to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the famous portrait-painter of the latter part of the last century.

THE LION AND THE SPANIEL IN THE TOWER.

cus'-tom-ar-y, *usual*
 ob-la'-tion, *an offering*
 in lieu, *instead of*
 sup'-pli-ca-tor-y, *praying ear-*
nestly

phil-o-soph'-ic, *very thoughtful*
 quick'-en, *to make lively*
 pa'-tron, *a protector*
 trav'-erse, *to go across*
 re-claim', *to claim again*
 mon-op'-o-ly, *sole right to a*
thing

im'-po-tent, *not strong*
 gorg'-ed, *full up to the throat*
 com-pla'-cence, *pleasure*
 cat-as'-tro-phe, *a calamity*
 tra-di'-tion, *something told,*
not written
 des'-o-late, *lonely*
 in-ter', *to bury*
 sus'-tan-ance, *support*
 per-pet'-u-al-ly, *always*
 con-ceive', *to think of*

Their history, as the keeper related it, was this:—

It was customary for all who were unable or unwilling to pay their sixpence, to bring a dog or cat as an oblation to the beasts, in lieu of money to the keeper. Among others a fellow had caught up this pretty black Spaniel in the streets, and he was accordingly thrown into the cage of the great Lion. Immediately the little animal trembled, and shivered, and crouched, and threw itself on its back, and put forth its tongue, and held up its paws in supplicatory attitudes, as an acknowledgment of superior power, and praying for mercy. In the meantime, the lordly brute, instead of devouring it, beheld it with an eye of philosophic inspection. He turned it over with one paw, and then turned it with the other; he sniffed at it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance.

The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner; but the Lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the Dog, and inviting him as it were to be his taster. At length,

the little animal's fears being somewhat abated, and his appetite being quickened by the smell of the victuals, he approached slowly, and, with trembling, ventured to eat. The Lion then advanced gently and began to partake, and they finished their meal very lovingly together.

From this day the strictest friendship existed between them—a friendship consisting of all possible affection and tenderness on the part of the Lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the Dog, insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron. A gentleman who had lost the Spaniel, and had advertised a reward of two guineas to the finder, at length heard of the adventure, and went to reclaim his Dog. 'You see, sir,' said the keeper, 'it would be a great pity to part such loving friends. However, if you insist upon your property, you must even be pleased to take him yourself; it is a task that I would not engage in for five hundred guineas!' The gentleman rose in great wrath, but finally chose to acquiesce, rather than have a personal dispute with the Lion.

As Mr. Felton had a curiosity to see the two friends eat together, he sent for twenty pounds of beef, which was accordingly cut in pieces, and put into the cage; when immediately the little brute, whose appetite happened to be eager at the time, was desirous of making a monopoly of the whole; and, putting his paws upon the meat, and grumbling and barking, he audaciously flew in the face of the Lion. But the generous creature, instead of being offended with his impotent companion, started back, and seemed terrified at the fury of his attacks; nor did he attempt to eat a bit, till his favourite had given permission.

When they were both gorged, the Lion stretched and turned himself, and lay down in an evident posture for repose ; but this his sportive companion would not permit. He frisked and gambolled about him, barked at him, would now scrape and tear at his head with his claws, and again seize him by the ear, and bite and pull away ; while the noble beast appeared affected by no other sentiment save that of pleasure and complacence.

But let us proceed to the tragic catastrophe of this extraordinary story—a story still known to many, as handed down by tradition from father to son. In about twelve months the little Spaniel sickened and died, and left his loving patron the most desolate of creatures. For a time the Lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favourite was asleep. He would continue to sniff at him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paw ; but finding that all his efforts to wake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end, at a swift and uneasy pace, then stop, and look down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard ; then again lift his head on high, and, opening his horrible throat, prolong a roar, as of distant thunder, for several minutes together.

They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcase from him ; he watched it perpetually, and would suffer no one to touch it. The keeper then endeavoured to tempt him with a variety of victuals, but he turned from all that was offered with loathing. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he instantly tore piecemeal, but left their members on the floor. His passion being thus inflamed, he would dart his fangs into the boards, and pluck away large splinters, grappling at the bars of his

cage, and seeming enraged at his restraint. Again, as if quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, and gather him in with his paws, and put him to his bosom; and then utter under-roars of such terrible melancholy, as seemed to threaten all around, for the loss of his playfellow—the only friend, the only companion, that he had on earth.

For five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance, or admitting any comfort; till, one morning, he was found dead, with his head lovingly reclined on the carcase of his little friend. They were both interred together, and their grave plentifully watered by the tears of his keeper and his loudly lamenting family.—*H. Brooke.*

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER,

OR

TRY AGAIN.

mood, *state of the mind*
 mon'-arch, *a king or queen*
 des-pair' (n.), *want of hope*
 pon'-der, *to think, consider*
 clue, *a thread*
 ceil'-ing, *the top of a room*
 dome, *a round-shaped roof*
 di-vine' (v.), *to guess*
 en-deav'-our (n.), *an attempt*

ut'-ter (v.), *to speak*
 del'-i-cate, *fine*
 mount (v.), *to go up*
 strive, *to try*
 de-fy', *to scoff at, to slight*
 gos'-sip (n.), *one fond of telling*
 tales
 heed (n.), *attention*
 con, *to think over*

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down in a lonely mood to think;

'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown, but his heart was beginning to sink;

For he had been trying to do a great deed, to make
 his people glad,
 He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed, and
 so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair, as grieved as
 man could be ;
 And after a while, as he pondered there, ' I'll give it
 all up,' said he.
 Now just at the moment a Spider dropped, with its
 silken cobweb clue,
 And the King, in the midst of his thinking, stopped
 to see what the Spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome, and it
 hung by a rope so fine,
 That how it would get to its cobweb home, King
 Bruce could not divine.
 It soon began to cling and crawl straight up with
 strong endeavour,
 But down it came with a slipping sprawl, as near to
 the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed, to utter the
 least complaint,
 Till it fell still lower, and there it lay, a little giddy
 and faint.
 Its head grew steady—again it went, and travelled a
 half-yard higher,
 'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread, and a road
 where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below, but again it quickly
 mounted,
 Till up and down, now fast, now slow, nine brave
 attempts were counted.

‘Sure,’ cried the King, ‘that foolish thing will strive
no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling, and tumbles
every time!’

But up the insect went once more—ah me! ’tis an
anxious minute,
He’s only a foot from his cobweb door; oh say, will
he lose or win it?
Steadily, steadily, inch by inch, higher and higher
he got,
Till a bold little run, at the very last pinch, put him
into his native spot.

‘Bravo! bravo!’ the King cried out, ‘all honour to
those who try!
The Spider up there defied despair; he conquered,
and why shouldn’t I?’
And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind, and gossips
tell the tale,
That he tried once more, as he tried before, and that
time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read, and beware of
saying ‘I can’t,’
’Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead to idleness,
folly, and want.
Whenever you find your heart despair of doing some
goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again, and remem-
ber the Spider and King!

Eliza Cook.

DROVER AND THE TINKER'S DOG.

wor'-ry, to tear as a beast tears
its prey

re-flect', to think seriously

sus-pi'-cious, causing one to
think ill of another

rogue, a dishonest person

di-vert', to amuse

mon'-grel (adj.), of a mixed
breed

poach, to steal game

high'-way, a common road

un-man'-ner-ly, rude

grat-i-fi-ca'-tion, pleasure

con-so-la'-tion, comfort

be-hold', to look at

dis-cour'-a-ging, not cheering

mol'-li-fied, softened

coun'-ten-ance (n.), goodwill,
approbation

grat'-i-tude, thanks for kind-
ness

gris'-tle, a substance in the
body harder than flesh, but
softer than bone

dis-com-po'-sed, made uncom-
fortable, disturbed

'No wonder my master calls me sensible,' said Drover, who began to be proud of himself. 'He told the farmer yesterday he wouldn't part with me at any price, and I'm sure he wouldn't. Well! I've earned my character; for, as he says, I'm never idling when my work is ready. I never was caught worrying a sheep, as old Growler did when he got into a passion. I never thieve, if I'm kept ever so long without breakfast. No!—no one can touch my character; I have that to reflect on, and it gives my meal an extra relish to think I deserve it. Besides, I know my work so well. When did I ever miss finding a stray sheep? or when did I ever let a suspicious dog come near my coat and basket? Why, I know a rogue at a glance, and he must have more wit than most who could take me in. Ha—ha! take *me* in, indeed!' and he diverted himself with the thought as he munched his breakfast.

He was just preparing for his last bone—the largest and the best—when a slight noise made him look beside him, and there, outside the wicket, stood an

ill-looking, half-starved mongrel, with a ragged ear and one eye.

‘It’s the tinker’s dog,’ muttered Drover, ‘a poaching thief; what does he want, staring at me while I am eating?’

But he could not order him off, as he was on the Queen’s highway.

However, it so spoilt his breakfast, that, in as polite a tone as he could manage, he begged him to understand his behaviour was very unmannerly.

‘Ah, sir,’ said the tinker’s dog, in a melancholy whine, ‘if you only knew what a pleasure it is to see you eat, you would not wish me to go.’

‘Pooh—nonsense!’ said Drover; ‘you won’t make me believe you care to see anyone eat but yourself.’

‘That, naturally, is the highest gratification; but when it is out of the question, there is consolation in beholding the happiness of others;’ and the tinker’s dog began to whimper.

‘Be off!’ said Drover. ‘You are a thief and a poacher, and you know it; you are half-starved, and you deserve it; and take my word for it, if you do live in spite of starvation, it will only be to be hanged at last.’

‘Oh, sir,’ said the tinker’s dog, ‘how very discouraging! But the truth is, I came to you for a little advice, and, however severe you may be, I will thankfully listen. Pray go on, sir, with that beautiful bone; I would not hinder you from it for a moment; I smelt it from the end of the lane.’

Drover was much mollified. ‘Advice, indeed! How long will you follow it?’ he asked.

‘Only try me, sir,’ said the tinker’s dog, giving a sly look with his one eye at the bone.

‘Well, then, leave off your bad ways; that’s my advice, and live honestly, and work.’

'Oh, sir, if I'm only so fortunate as to get over this fit of hunger, I'll quite surprise you,' said the tinker's dog.

'Give up fighting.'

'Ah, sir,' he replied, shaking his ragged ear and turning his blind side to him, 'see what fighting has done for me!'

'And poaching,' said Drover.

'Poaching!' was the answer; 'why, I was out all last night, and had a narrow escape of being shot. I lay close till the morning, and then, when my master found I came home with nothing, he nearly kicked my ribs in, and that's all I had for breakfast. Isn't it time I was sick of poaching? If I could only get through this sad business, and have the countenance and advice of a respectable member of society like yourself, I should, as I said, surprise you. But as it is, I must go, after I have had the pleasure of seeing you finish a breakfast you have so richly deserved, and die in a ditch—an example of the folly of bad ways!'

'There!' said Drover, quite overcome, and standing away from his best bone, 'you may have it.'

'Oh, impossible!' said the tinker's dog, wriggling through the fence, and seizing the bone, with his one eye fixed on Drover, as full of admiring gratitude as it would hold.

'You can be quick,' said Drover, who was still hungry; and while he heard the tinker's dog eating—for he didn't look at him—couldn't help wishing he had come for advice when his breakfast was over.

'Ah, sir,' said he, with his mouth full of gristle, 'you have saved my life. Such a bone! Believe me, I shall never forget it.'

'Well, then,' said Drover, 'now let me tell you what I think of your way of life.'

‘You have told me,’ said the tinker’s dog, licking his lips, and looking towards the fence.

‘Well, but how to mend it?’ said Drover, in some surprise at his altered tone.

‘You have mended it wonderfully, with that bone,’ said the tinker’s dog. ‘I am quite another thing;’ and he made for the fence.

‘Ay, but you wanted some good advice,’ said Drover, discomposed.

‘Quite a mistake of yours,’ said the tinker’s dog, who had now wriggled himself through. ‘I wanted some breakfast, and I knew very well the way to get it was to ask for advice. Sensible as you are, I can see farther with one eye than you can with two. But not to be ungrateful for that excellent bone, let *me* give *you* a piece of advice. Never trust repentance that comes from a hungry stomach, nor take compliments from a beggar.’ And away he ran.

‘I hope my master won’t hear of this,’ said Drover, looking ashamed.—*Leisure Hour*.

THE HUMMINGBIRD.

de-light' (n.), *pleasure*
 ra'-di-ant, *shining*
 isl'-and, *land surrounded by*
 water
 fra'-grant, *sweet-smelling*
 glance (v.), *to move nimbly*
 pal-met'-to, *a sort of palm-tree*
 ver'-dant, *green like grass*
 state'-ly, *grand, lofty*
 crim'-son, *a dark red*

La Pla'-ta, *a river in South*
 America
 Am'-a-zon, *in South America,*
 the largest river in the world
 cay'-man, *the American croco-*
 dile
 an'-cient, *old*
 brood, *a family of young ones*
 cam-pa-n-e'-ro, *the bell-bird*
 lour, *to look dark and gloomy*

The Hummingbird! the Hummingbird!
 So fairylike and bright;
 It lives among the sunny flowers,
 A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
 Where fragrant spices grow,
 A thousand, thousand Hummingbirds
 Go glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
 Scarce larger than a bee,
 Among the broad palmetto leaves,
 And through the fan-palm tree.

And in those wild and verdant woods,
 Where stately mosses tower,
 Where hangs from branching tree to tree
 The scarlet passion-flower—

Where, on the mighty river-banks,
 La Plate and Amazon,
 The cayman, like an old tree-trunk,
 Lies basking in the sun ;



There builds her nest the Hummingbird,
 Within the ancient wood—
 Her nest of silken cotton-down—
 And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
 Where waves it light and free,
 As the campanero tolls his song,
 And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
 Like to the red, red rose ;
 Her wing is the changeful green and blue
 That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy Hummingbird,
 No winter round thee lours ;
 Thou never saw'st a leafless tree
 Nor land without sweet flowers !

A reign of summer joyfulness.

To thee for life is given ;

Thy food, the honey from the flower,

Thy drink, the dew from heaven.

Mary Howitt.

EYES AND NO EYES, OR THE ART OF SEEING.

pu'-pil, a learner
 turn'-pike, a gate at which toll
 is taken
 en-ter-tain'-ed, amused
 te'-di-ous, tiresome
 cu-ri-os'-i-ties, curious things
 bird'-lime, a sticky substance
 for catching birds
 dam'-age, injury, hurt
 de-pend'-ent (adj.), trusting to
 another
 ob-serve', to take notice of

read'-i-ly, easily, at once
 grey'-ish, rather grey
 de-li'-cious, very nice
 downs, hills
 marsh'-y, wet, covered with
 shallow water
 art'-i-fice, a trick
 in-tru'-der, one who goes where
 he is not wanted
 coun'-ter-feit (adj.), not real
 ex-ten'-sive, large, wide
 en-ter-tain'-ed, amused

' Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?' said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

Robert. I have been, sir, to Broom Heath, and so round by the windmill upon Camp Mount, and home through the meadows by the riverside.

Mr. Andrews. Well, that's a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike-road.

Mr. A. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would indeed be better entertained on the high road. But did you see William?

R. We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Mr. A. That was a pity! He would have been company for you.

R. Oh, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that; I had rather walk alone. I dare say he has not got home yet.

Mr. A. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

William. Oh, sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom Heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Mr. A. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of its dulness, and prefers the high road!

W. I wonder at that; I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought my handkerchief full of curiosities home.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much; I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

W. I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge; it was an old Crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah, this is Mistletoe, a plant of great fame, for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites. It bears a very slimy berry, of which birdlime may be made (whence its Latin name of *Viscus*). It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants, whence they have been styled parasitical, because the word parasite is

the name given to a hanger-on or dependent. It was the Mistletoe of the Oak that the Druids particularly honoured.

W. A little farther on, I saw a green Woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Mr. A. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

W. What beautiful birds they are!

Mr. A. Yes; they have been called, from their colour and size, English Parrots.

W. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There were at least three kinds of Heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here), and Gorse, and Broom, and Bellflower, and many others of all colours, that I will beg you presently to tell me the names of.

Mr. A. That I will, readily.

W. I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty greyish one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones; and when he flew, he showed a great deal of white above his tail.

Mr. A. That was a Wheatear. They are reckoned very delicious birds to eat, and frequent the open downs in Sussex, and some other counties, in great numbers.

W. There was a flock of Lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round, just over my head, and crying 'peewit' so distinctly,

one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground ; but as I came near, he always made a shift to get away.

Mr. A. Ha—ha ! you were finely taken in, then ! This was all an artifice of the bird's to entice you away from its nest ; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did they not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

W. I wish I had known that ; for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy, who were cutting and piling up Turf for fuel ; and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the Turf, and the price it sells at. Well, I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill, in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect ! I counted fifteen church steeples, and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations ; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills.

EYES AND NO EYES, OR THE ART OF SEEING.

(CONTINUED.)

pros'-pect, *a view*
 hov'-er, *to hang fluttering in the air*
 re-ti'-red (adj.), *fond of being alone*
 bank, *the side of a stream*
 nu'-mer-ous, *great in number*
 wade, *to walk in water*
 shal'-lows, *places where the water is not deep*
 pur-sue', *to follow*
 spe'-cies, *sort, kind*

se-cure', *safe*
 sit-u-a'-tion, *place*
 plun'-der-ers, *robbers*
 fen'-ny, *marshy*
 a'-cre, *4,840 square yards*
 tin'-ged, *slightly coloured*
 va'-ry, *to change*
 ho-ri'-zon, *where the sky and earth seem to meet*
 prob'-a-bly, *perhaps*
 ac-quire', *to get*
 fre-quent' (v.), *to visit often*

Mr. Andrews. You must *indeed* have had a very fine prospect.

William. From the mill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into a river. It was bordered with reeds and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me: it was a large Water-rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great many large Dragonflies all about the stream; I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange colour. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. A. I can tell you what that bird was—a Kingfisher. It lives on fish, which it catches in the

manner you describe. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it lives.

W. I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well, I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Mr. A. I suppose they were Sand-pipers—one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

W. There were a great many Swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream ; sometimes they pursued one another so quickly, that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high steep sandbank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes with which the bank was bored full.

Mr. A. Those were Sand-martins, the smallest of our species of Swallows. They are of a mouse-colour above, and white beneath. They make their nests, and bring up their young, in these holes, which run a great depth, and, by their situation, are secure from all plunderers.

W. I then turned homeward across the meadows, where I stopped awhile to look at a large flock of Starlings which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them ; for they all rose together from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud, hovering over the field. After having

made a short round, they settled, and presently rose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

Mr. A. Perhaps so, for in the fenny counties their flocks are so numerous, as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them.

W. I got to the high field next our house, just as the Sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple and crimson and yellow, of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the Sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead.

Mr. A. It does so; and probably you have observed the same of the Moon at its rising.

W. I have; but pray what is the reason of this?

Mr. A. You will scarcely be able to understand this at present. What a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been very instructive. Did you see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Mr. A. Why not?

R. I don't know. I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right, if you had been sent with a message; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is: one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of

knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the public-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor ; while the observing eye and enquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do you then, William, continue to make use of your eyes ; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.—*Dr. Aikin.*

MY THREE BOYS.

dote, to set one's heart on
apt'-ly, fitly
mim'-ic (v.), to imitate
keen, sharp
re-veal', to show

ser'-aph (n.), an angel, (adj.)
like an angel
be-fall, to happen
twain, two
bliss, happiness

I have a Son, a little son,
A boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness,
And mind of gentle mould.
Strange questions doth he ask of me,
When we together walk ;
He scarcely thinks as children think,
Or talks as children talk.
He cares not much for childish sports,
Dotes not on bat or ball ;
But looks on manhood's ways and works,
And aptly mimics all.
Oh, when I look into his eyes,
And stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel
Were I to lose him now !

I have a Son, a second son,
A simple child of three ;
How silver sweet those tones of his,
When he prattles on my knee !
I do not think his light-blue eye
Is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought,
As his hath ever been ;
But his little heart 's a fountain pure,
Of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look 's a sunny gleam,
Rich depths of love revealing.
Should he grow up to riper years
God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace,
As now for earthly love !
And if beside his grave the tears
Our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love
That we shall lose in him !

I have a Son, a third sweet son ;
His age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months,
Where he has gone to dwell.
I cannot tell what form his is,
What looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns
His shining seraph brow.
But I know (for God hath told me this)
That he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be,
On the Saviour's loving breast.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain
His bliss can never cease ;

Their lot may here be grief and fear,
 But *his* is certain peace.
 When we think of what our darling is,
 And what we still must be ;
 When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss,
 And *this* world's misery ;
 When we groan beneath this load of sin,
 And feel this grief and pain ;
 Oh, we'd rather lose our other two,
 Than have him here again !

Moultree.

THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

(A Story without an end.)

lo'-cust, *an insect somewhat
 like a grasshopper*
 ex-er'-tion, *labour*
 court'-i-ers, *persons about the
 courts of princes*
 proc-la-ma'-tion, *public an-
 nouncement of the king's will*
 heir, *one who inherits*
 prin-cess', *a lady of royal birth*
 com-po'-sed, *quiet, settled*
 re'-qui-site, *necessary*

de-lib'-er-ate (*adj.*), *not hasty,
 thoughtful*
 gran'-a-ry, *a storehouse for corn*
 en-ga'-ged, *occupied*
 in-ter-rupt', *to stop or hinder*
 another
 cap-rice', *fancy, whim*
 a-bom'-i-na-ble, *hateful*
 in-ge'-ni-ous *skilful, clever*
 de-vice', *scheme, plan*

There was a certain King, who, like many Eastern kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time ; but yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of all his courtiers were in vain ; the more he heard, the more he wanted to hear. At last he made a proclamation, that, if any man would tell him a story that should last for ever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage ; but if anyone should pretend that he had such a story, and

should fail—that is, if the story should come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off,

For such a prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared ; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week—some a month—some six months. Poor fellows ! they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure ; but all in vain. Sooner or later they all came to an end ; and, one after another, the unlucky story-tellers all had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said that he had a story which would last for ever, if his Majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

He was warned of his danger : they told him how many others had tried and lost their heads ; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the King. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking ; and, after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story :—

‘ O King ! there was once a king who was a great tyrant, and, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain.

‘ This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up the doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

‘ But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a very small hole near the top of the granary ; and there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn ; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time. So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn ; and then another locust

went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn——’

He had gone on thus from morning to night (except while he was asleep, or engaged at his meals) for about a month, when the King, though a very patient king, began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with, ‘Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts ; we will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted ; tell us what happened afterwards.’

To which the story-teller answered, very deliberately : ‘If it please your Majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards, before I have told you what happened first.’

So he went on again : ‘And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn ; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn——’

The King listened with unconquerable patience six months more, when he again interrupted him with :

‘O friend! I am weary of your locusts! How soon do you think they will have done?’

To which the story-teller made answer: ‘O King! who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit each way, round the inside of the hole, and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides; but let the King have patience, and no doubt we shall come to the end of them in time.’

Thus encouraged, the King listened on for another full year, the story-teller still going on as before: ‘And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn——’ till at last the poor King could bear it no longer, and cried out:

‘O man, that is enough! Take my daughter!—take my kingdom!—take anything—everything! only let us hear no more of your abominable locusts!’

And so the story-teller was married to the King’s daughter, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts. The unreasonable caprice of the foolish king was thus overmatched by the ingenious device of the wise man.—*Letters from an Officer in India, edited by Rev. S. A. Pears, B.D*



THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

Vol-taire', a noted French in-
fidel

pen'-i-tent, truly sorry

san'-dal, a sort of shoe

es-teem' (v.), to value highly

en-dow'-ment, wealth left for
charity

ex-per'-i-ment, trial

trap'-pings, ornaments

court'-i-er, persons about the
courts of princes

can'-dour, openness of mind

be-girt', surrounded

suf-fice' (v.), to be sufficient

What were they? you ask—you shall presently see;
These Scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
Oh no—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could
weigh;

Together with articles, small or immense,
From mountains and planets to atoms of sense.
Nought was there so bulky but there it could lay,
And nought so ethereal but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant but in it must go—
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of his cell.

Next time he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made—for a weight
And though clad in armour from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garments went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endow'd
By a well-esteem'd Pharisee, busy and proud,

Now loaded one scale, while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest :
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a
bounce.

By further experiments—no matter how—
He found that ten chariots weigh'd less than one
plough ;

A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail ;
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to 'light on the opposite scale.

Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heap'd in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weigh'd less than some atoms of candour and sense.
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just wash'd from the dirt ;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh—'twas 'the Pearl of great
Price.'

At last the whole world was bowl'd in at the gate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight ;
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof—
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell,
That it jerk'd the Philosopher out of his cell.

Jane Taylor.

ALEXANDER AND THE ROBBER.

ex'-ploits, brave deeds
plun'-der-er, a robber
as-sas'-sin, a secret murderer
de-fi'-ance, expression of con-
tempt
vi'-o-late, to break
cap'-tive, a prisoner
en-dure', to bear
re-proach' (n.), blame
sov'-er-eigns, kings and queens
val'-i-ant, brave
sub-du'-ed, conquered, beaten

blast (v.), to injure, to make
desolate
rav'-age (v.), to plunder, to lay
waste
in-sa'-ti-a-ble, not to be satisfied
ham'-let, a small village
sub-vert', to overturn
cher'-ish, to support, to treat
kindly
phil-os'-o-phy, love of wisdom
a-tone', to answer for
re-flect', to think seriously

Alexander. What! art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Robber. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

Alex. A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin!—the pest of the country! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Robber. What have I done of which you can complain?

Alex. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

Robber. Alexander! I am your captive; I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered! and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alex. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

Robber. I must then answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

Alex. Like a hero! Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest: among sovereigns, the noblest: among conquerors, the mightiest.

Robber. And does not Fame speak of me too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever——? But I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

Alex. Still, what are you but a robber—a base dishonest robber?

Robber. And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burnt a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is, then, the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

Alex. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

Robber. I, too, have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of, but I believe that neither you nor I will ever atone to the world for half the mischief we have done it.

Alex. Leave me. Take off his chains, and use him well. Are we then so much alike? Alexander a robber? Let me reflect!—*Evenings at Home.*

THE LEGEND OF HATTO'S TOWER.*

| | |
|---|---|
| au'-tumn, <i>the third season of the year</i> | thou'-sand, <i>ten hundred</i> |
| pit'-e-ous, <i>causing pity</i> | fear'-ful-ly, <i>so as to cause fear</i> |
| gran'-a-ry, <i>a storehouse for corn</i> | hast'-en, <i>to make haste</i> |
| re-joic'-ed, <i>pleased</i> | myr'-i-ad, <i>ten thousand, any large number</i> |
| for-lorn', <i>lonely, sad</i> | whet, <i>to sharpen</i> |
| con-sume', <i>to eat</i> | judg'-ment, <i>the act of judging, a punishment</i> |
| in'-no-cent, <i>free from crime</i> | |

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet ;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store ;
And all the neighbourhood could tell,
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day,
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near,
The great barn was full as it could hold,
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;
And while for mercy on heaven they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

* On the Rhine. Hatto is said to have been Archbishop of Mentz in the tenth century, when Otho the Great was Emperor of Germany.

‘I’ faith ’tis an excellent bonfire!’ quoth he,
‘And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn,
Of Rats that only consume the corn.’

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily;
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter’d the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall;
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look’d there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm;
‘My lord, I open’d your barns this morn,
And the Rats had eaten all your corn!’

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,
‘Fly! my lord Bishop, fly!’ quoth he;
Ten thousand Rats are coming this way,—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!’

‘I’ll go to my tower on the Rhine,’ said he,
‘’Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.’

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten’d away,
And he cross’d the Rhine without delay,
And reach’d his tower, and barr’d with care,
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd,—'twas only the Cat,
 But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that ;
 For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
 At the army of Rats that were drawing near.
 For they have swam over the river so deep,
 And they have climbed the shore so steep ;
 And up the tower their way is bent,
 To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
 By thousands they come, and by myriads and more ;
 Such numbers had never been heard of before,
 Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
 And faster and faster his beads did he tell ;
 As louder and louder, drawing near,
 The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
 And through the walls helter-skelter they pour ;
 And down from the ceiling, and up through the
 floor,
 From the right and the left, from behind and before ;
 From within and without, from above and below,
 And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
 And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
 They gnaw the flesh from every limb,
 For they were sent to do judgment on him.

Robert Southey.

THE VICAR'S PEAS.

com-mo'-tion, *bustle, disturb-
ance*

vic'-ar-age, *a vicar's residence*

vic'-ar, *a clergyman who re-
ceives the small tithes of a
parish*

grav'-i-ty, *seriousness*

com-pla'-cent-ly, *in a manner
pleasing to oneself*

mel'-an-chol-y, *sad*

em'-i-grate, *to leave a country
for good*

har'-pies, *cruel and greedy
creatures*

dis'-mal-ly, *sadly, uncomfort-
ably*

a-g'i-ta-ted, *disturbed*

as-cer-tain', *to find out, to learn*

en-count'-er, *to meet with*

pro-tect', *to keep in safety*

ven'-geance, *'revenge*

har'-mon-y, *agreement*

prop-o-si'-tion, *something pro-
posed*

as'-sure, *to make sure*

fe-ro'-cious, *savage*

re-gale', *to feast*

re-main', *to stay*

What a commotion there was on the top of the wall that overlooked the Vicarage garden! All the birds, from the Blackbird to the Blue-tit, and even the little Wren, were hopping and running, and chirping and chattering, in a state of the highest excitement.

'Friend Robert, have you seen it?' said the Blackbird with gravity to a Redbreast, who, in the midst of the confusion, was complacently admiring his legs.

'What's it like, Bob?' said a pert little Bunting, hopping round in front of him.

'Like!' said the Thrush (before the Robin could answer), with a melancholy warble. 'Horror of horrors! Let me never behold such a sight again. I saw it from the apple-trees in the orchard.'

'Let us emigrate—pray let us emigrate!' said the Wren, almost in fits.

'There certainly will be no remaining in such a land of harpies,' said the Thrush, dismally.

‘What are they like?—what are they like?’ rose the cry on all sides. ‘Who has seen them nearer than from the apple-trees? Can no one describe them?’

‘Gentlemen,’ said a Sparrow, advancing, ‘since no more worthy speaker comes forward, I presume to address you. I have seen them, and such a sight! This morning, very early, being well aware that the Vicar sowed his peas yesterday, I called my family and a friend or two to go with me, and pick up a few stray ones that might lie on the top. I have met with difficulties and dangers before now. I well remember how severely I was agitated by the Vicaress’s old bonnet stuck on a stick, till I found out what it was; and it was some time before I grew used to the noise the Vicar made with his gun, till it was happily ascertained that he never did any other harm than break the window with return-shots; but little did I expect to encounter the horrible guard with which he has now sought to protect his peas. From side to side, from corner to corner, across and across they stretch—red, blue, yellow, white, black, every colour under the sun. We had scarcely arrived within sight of them, when the wind rose a little; and whether it was that they rejoiced in the breeze, or were making merry at their expected vengeance upon us, I can’t tell you; but they danced up and down, and turned over and over like——’

‘Pray don’t go on,’ said the Wren; ‘let us emigrate directly.’

There was a general feeling in harmony with the Wren’s proposition, and the Blackbird was on the point of taking the votes of the assembly, when the Blue-tit (who had no mind to emigrate from his beloved peas, till he was assured of the necessity,

and who somewhat suspected the Sparrow's motives in thus spreading an alarm, which would get rid of all sharers in the feast), inquired whether anyone besides the last speaker had seen these ferocious monsters.

No one had.

'Pray,' said the Tit, 'did you go *quite* close to them?'

The Sparrow confessed that he had.

'Did they attempt to bite?'

The Sparrow said he did not stop to see.

'Did you get any peas?' said the Blue-tit.

The Sparrow, rather discomposed, replied, 'Merely a taste.'

'Very good,' said the Tit. 'Friends, I am ready to head any of your number who will go with me to survey these monsters; and if you all decline, I shall go by myself. If yonder bundle of brown feathers escaped unhurt, and got "a taste" of the peas too, I don't see what is to hinder us from the same good fortune.'

The Robin, the Bunting, the Chaffinch, several others, and at last the Blackbird, fell in with the proposal, the Wren declaring she would wait in a hole in the wall till they came back again. They approached cautiously, and even the Blue-tit was at first startled by some turkey's feathers suspended on a thread, and dancing vigorously in the breeze; but, his courage returning, he made a bold advance, and after a close survey of one or two of the red and blue rags, finding he came to no harm, flew back to his friends, and said, 'All right!—the best-tempered little creatures in the world.' And the whole party were soon to be seen hopping under and over the long lines of the once dreaded enemy, and regaling themselves on the Vicar's peas.

‘John—John!’ cried the Vicar, ‘these scarecrows are of no use. I verily believe those thieves have been at the peas—mind you load the gun to-night!’ But it was of no use: very few peas did the Vicar get that summer.—*Leisure Hour*.

THE CAMELEON.

con-ceit'-ed, *vain*
ac-qui-esce', *to agree with what*
another says or does
dis-course', *to talk*
dis-join'-ed, *separate*

ex-tend'-ed, *stretched out*
lei'-sure, *spare time*
sur-vey', *to look on or at*
re-fer', *to ask the opinion of*
another

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen:
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times pertier than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:—
‘Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know’—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Cameleon's form and nature.

‘A stranger animal,’ cries one,
‘Sure never liv’d beneath the sun :
A lizard’s body, lean and long,
A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue ;
Its foot, with triple claw disjoin’d ;
And what a length of tail behind !
How slow its pace ! and then, its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?’

‘Hold there,’ the other quick replies,
‘Tis green,—I’ve seen it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm’d it in the sunny ray ;
Stretch’d at its ease the beast I view’d,
And saw it eat the air for food.’

‘I’ve seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue ;
At leisure I the beast survey’d,
Extended in the cooling shade.’

‘Tis green—’tis green, sir, I assure ye.’—
‘Green !’ cries the other in a fury,—
‘Why, sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes ?’
‘Twere no great loss,’ the friend replies,
‘For if they always serve you thus,
You’ll find them of but little use.’

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows :
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referred ;
And begg’d he’d tell them, if he knew
Whether the thing were green or blue.

‘Sirs,’ cries the umpire, ‘cease your pother,
The creature’s neither one nor t’other :
I caught the animal last night,
And view’d it o’er by candlelight :

I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet !
 You stare—but sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it.'—'Pray, sir, do ;
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue.'
 'And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'

'Well, then, at once to ease your doubt,'
 Replied the man, 'I'll turn him out :
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'
 He said ; then full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and lo—'twas white !
 Both star'd ; the man look'd wondrous wise.—
 'My children,' the Cameleon cries
 (Then first the creature found a tongue),
 'You all are right, and all are wrong :
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you :
 Nor wonder, if you find that none
 Prefers *your* eyesight to his own.'

Merrick.

THE CAPTIVE LION.

in-cli-na'-tion, *wish*
 li'-on-ess, *the female lion*
 a-chieve'-ments, *remarkable*
 deeds
 pro-mo'-tion, *advancement*
 con-tin'-u-al-ly, *always*
 cap-tiv'-i-ty, *imprisonment*
 in-ev'-it-a-bly, *unavoidably*
 con-sign', *to transfer*
 in-dif-fer-ence, *carelessness*
 a'-gi-tate, *to put in motion*
 con-trol', *to check, to govern*

ter'-ri-fi-ed, *frightened*
 men-a'-ge-rie, *a place where*
 wild beasts are kept
 mon'-sieur, *the French word for*
 'Sir' or 'Mr.'
 civ-il-i-sa'-tion, *a state opposed*
 to barbarism
 At'-las, *a range of mountains*
 in the north-west of Africa
 ag'-o-ny, *severe pain*
 pul'-mon-ar-y, *affecting the*
 lungs

Jules Gérard, the famous lion-hunter, tells the following sad story of a Lion brought up in captivity through his means :—

He one day succeeded in capturing two Cubs, a male and a female, which he took back with him to the village in which he was then residing. To the male he gave the name of Hubert.

Hubert became a mighty favourite in the village, more particularly amongst the women. Not so his sister, for, while the young Lion was perfectly quiet and friendly, the female attacked everybody with her claws, if they attempted to caress her.

A goat was procured, and, much against her inclination, forced to suckle them—at least to suckle Hubert, for the young Lioness would not come near her nurse. Hubert, however, got on capitally with her, and grew so fast that, very soon, several she-goats had to be milked daily to feed the young glutton. As for his sister, she died—as many other promising young Lionesses yearly die—in cutting her teeth!

Gérard took Hubert with him to the camp, when he became as great a favourite with the soldiers as he had formerly been with the Arabs. He was entered as an officer in the regiment, and a special book was kept for recording his achievements, and the promotion attendant upon them. When, however, these achievements became so frequent—Hubert having broken loose continually, and killed the goat his nurse, not to mention sundry sheep, horses, and other animals, and having nearly killed an Arab and two soldiers—he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and Gérard was ordered to shut him up in a cage.

‘Poor Hubert!’ he exclaims; ‘and it was I, his best friend, that was charged with this painful duty.—My first thought was to restore him to liberty; but I feared that, accustomed as he was to the society

of man, he would return to the camp, or the neighbourhood, and be killed. At first, to render his captivity easy, I used to come at night to his cage, which I would open ; at once he would spring joyously out, embrace me most affectionately, and then we would have a game of bopeep together. One evening, in one of his moments of good humour, he embraced me so warmly, that he would inevitably have choked me but for the arrival of assistance. It was the last time we played that game together. And yet I must do him the justice to say that he had no evil intention, seeing that in our gambols he always avoided making use of his claws or teeth, either with me or with other persons whom he was in the habit of seeing, with all of whom he was always gentle and affectionate in the extreme.'

Hubert soon got sad and melancholy in his confinement, and ultimately was consigned to the gardens in Paris where wild animals are kept.

Some time afterwards Gérard visited the gardens, and walking along, saddened at the thoughts of how the nature of wild animals had been debased by the confinement and bad air, he passed towards Hubert's den ; he saw him lying down, half asleep, looking with the most supreme indifference at the passers-by. All at once Hubert raised his head ; his eyes opened : a nervous movement was visible in the muscles of his neck ; the end of his tail was rapidly agitated ; he had seen the uniform, but had not yet recognised his old master.

However, with a look of anxiety, he examined Gérard from head to foot, as though endeavouring to recall some bygone memories. 'I approached,' Gérard says, 'and, no longer able to control myself, I stretched out my hand between the bars of his

den. Oh, it was a moment truly affecting both for me and for all present ! Without ceasing to devour me with his eyes, he applied his nose to my hand, and commenced to breathe hard. At each breath he seemed to brighten up. Beneath the uniform, which he had recognised at once, he began to recognise his friend. I knew a single word would suffice to remove every doubt. "*Hubert!*" I cried, caressing him ; "*what, my old soldier!*" It was enough. Poor Hubert sprang against the bars of his cage, which quivered with the shock ; while the friends who had accompanied Gérard started back terrified. Then the poor beast commenced licking his old master's hand, growling terribly if anyone else approached, and seeming delighted when left alone with his friend.

Day after day Gérard visited the Lion's den ; and every time he left, Hubert shook the building with his terrible roarings at the separation. Soon, however, Gérard noticed that he was getting melancholy and thin. He consulted the keepers, and they told him that, in their opinion, the excitement of his visits was the cause of poor Hubert's falling-off. The next time he presented himself at the menagerie, the keeper met him, and bowing sadly, said, ' Monsieur, do not come again. *Hubert is dead!*'

' Thus,' Gérard adds, ' died Hubert, whom I had taken away from his mother, from the pure air of the mountain, from liberty. A child of nature, he would be living still ; civilisation killed him.

' But henceforth ye may increase and multiply in peace, proud Sultans of the Atlas ! Never more will I rob you of your children. Death, which strikes you like the thunder in the open forest, beneath the star-decked vault of heaven, is better than a slow

agony in a space of a few square yards ; and the iron bullet of the hunter is a hundred times more merciful than the pulmonary disease of a prison !’

Jules Gérard kept his word. Hubert was the first and last Lion he ever made a prisoner.—JAMES GREENWOOD (*Wild Sports of the World*).

TO THE LADYBIRD.

light'-ning, the flash of electric
fluid that attends thunder
speck'-led, marked with small
spots

har'-ness (v.), to fix in traces
as horses are

O'-be-ron, the king of the fairies

se'-ri-ous, grave, solemn

cod'-i-cil, an addition to a will

co'-zy, snug

con'-science, the self-knowledge
by which we know whether
our actions are right or wrong

gob'-bled, eaten up greedily
might'-y, full of strength

palm'-er (here used for palm-
er-worm), a worm covered
with hair : supposed to be so
called, because, like a palmer
or pilgrim, he wanders about

‘ Ladybird ! ladybird ! fly away home—

The Field-mouse has gone to her nest,
The Daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

‘ Ladybird ! ladybird ! fly away home—

The Glowworm is lighting her lamp,
The dew ’s falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will be wet with the close-clinging damp.

‘ Ladybird ! ladybird ! fly away home—

Good luck if you reach it at last ;
The Owl’s come abroad, and the Bat’s on the roam,
Sharp set from their morn-to-night fast.

‘ Ladybird ! ladybird ! fly away home—

The Fairy-bells tinkle afar ;
Make haste, or they’ll catch you and harness you fast,
With a cobweb to Oberon’s car.

- ‘ Ladybird ! ladybird ! fly away home ;
 But, as all serious people do, first
 Clear your conscience, and settle your worldly affairs,
 And so be prepared for the worst.
- ‘ Ladybird ! ladybird ! make a short shrift,
 Here ’s a hair-shirted Palmer hard by,
 And here ’s lawyer Earwig, to draw up your will,
 And we’ll witness it, Death-moth and I.
- ‘ Ladybird ! ladybird ! don’t make a fuss—
 You’ve mighty small matters to give,
 Your coral and jet, and—there, there—you can tack
 A codicil on, if you live.
- ‘ Ladybird ! ladybird ! fly away now,
 To your house in the old willow-tree,
 Where your children, so dear, have invited the Ant
 And a few cosy neighbours, to tea.
- ‘ Ladybird ! ladybird ! fly away home—
 And, if not gobbled up by the way,
 Nor yoked by the Fairies to Oberon’s car,
 You’re in luck—and that’s all I ’ve to say.’
Blackwood’s Mag. 1827.

THE SHAM SAILOR.

har'-bour, a place of safety for
 ships
 weigh, to draw up the anchor
 reef (v.), to fold up sails
 brace (v.), to bind, to tie close
 cap'-stan, a machine for wind-
 ing up great weights
 pi'-rate, a sea-robber
 col'-ours, flags
 lat'-i-tude, distance north or
 south of the equator

o-ver-haul', to turn over and
 examine things
 log, a journal kept by the cap-
 tain of a ship
 im-pos'-tor, a cheat
 craft, a ship
 be'-som, a broom
 rud'-der, that by which a ship
 is guided
 keel, the lowest part of a ship
 Sal-is-bury Plain, in Wilts

‘ O Captain, if you had but been ten minutes
 sooner, you would have seen a sailor ! ’

‘ Should I, boys ? Many are the blue-jackets that I have seen in my time, on the coast and at sea, outward and homeward bound, on a cruise and in harbour, weighing the anchor, reefing the sails, bracing the yards, manning the capstan, and running out the guns. It would be no new thing to the old sea-captain to see a sailor. But what sort of a hand was he ?

‘ Oh ! a true sailor all over. What a pity that you did not see him ! ’

‘ But how do you know that he was a sailor, boys ? For I told you that land pirates are always cruising about, under false colours, to pick up any craft that may happen to sail in the same latitude. Did he get any prize-money ? ’

‘ O yes ! we all gave him a penny apiece, for we knew that he was a real sailor. ’

‘ Did you hail him ? What colours did he carry ? What port did he come from ? And where was he bound ? ’

‘ He was dressed in an old blue jacket and trousers, with three or four holes in them, and a black silk handkerchief round his neck ; and he told us he had been shipwrecked, and was walking from Hull to London to get another ship. ’

‘ He must have been sadly out of his reckoning then, for he had no more business here than on Salisbury Plain ; but the wind blows hard sometimes, and drives a ship out of her course. Did you overhaul his log ? What did he say to you ? ’

‘ At first we thought he might be an impostor ; but we soon knew better when he began to talk. “ Messmates,” says he, when he came up—“ messmates, poor Jack has been wrecked, and he ’s no shot in the locker. The land-lubbers wont help

him." And then he pulled out a box without a lid, and asked us to have "a bit o' bacco," and talked something about "shivering his timbers," and, "splicing the main-brace;" so then we knew he must be a sailor.'

'Ha! ha! ha! But did he tell you the ship he belonged to?'

'Oh, yes! he said it was the "Macaroni" frigate, of thirty-six guns, Captain Forecastle; and that the ship went down in the Chops of the Channel.

'He might as well have told you that he was blown up in the "Prince," or that he was one of the hands that went down in the "Royal George." I never heard yet of such a frigate as the "Macaroni" in the British Navy; and Captain Forecastle is a captain of his own making. How could he be working his way from Hull in the north, if he was wrecked in the Chops of the Channel in the south? Oh, boys! boys! you have fallen in with a pirate, and now I will tell you a little more about him.'

'Why, what do you know about him, Captain? Have you seen him? Did you meet with him?'

'I did, boys; and he won't come across my course again, if he can help it. I saw him first with my spy-glass; and when he neared me, I was just about to hail him with "Hoa! the ship ahoy! Whence come ye? What port are ye bound to?" But, thinks I, no; let us see what sort of a craft he is; let him speak for himself. Presently, he came alongside, and spun me just such a yarn about the "Macaroni" as he spun for you. He told me all about poor Jack being wrecked, and having "no shot in the locker," and "shivered his timbers" two or three times over—which, by the way, is not a right sea-phrase, but a

way of speaking that too many sailors practise; and he asked me to splice the main-brace for him.'

'And did he pull out his box, and ask you to have "a bit o' bacco?"'

'He did, indeed, boys; and then it was that I took the liberty to make a few enquiries. "What's your name?" said I. He said it was "Ben Bow-line." "Do you know what the main-sheet is?" "Yes, messmate," says he; "the main-sheet is the mainsail." Now a sheet happens to be a rope, and not a sail; so by that I knew at once what sort of a sailor he was. "How do you sailors sweep the anchor at sea?" says I. "Oh! with a besom," says he. It was very clear, boys, that he had never mounted a companion-ladder in his life; so then I told him that I happened to be an old sea-captain, and that I knew the name and the use of every mast, timber, yard, sail, tackle, stay, brace, and rope's end, from the figure-head to the rudder—from the keel to the maintopgallant mast-head. "You and I must compare logs, messmate," said I; but he began to close-haul, and I soon saw that he was set on a run before the wind.'

'Why, then, he was not a sailor after all!'

'A sailor! he would make a better tailor than a sailor any day of the year; but I question if he'd do good at any honest calling, boys. Seeing him look sulky, I fired a gun to bring him to. I wanted to get at him yard-arm and yard-arm; but it did not suit him; he was rather for sailing alone than in company. I then fired off a broadside of sea-phrases at once; and so raked him with my long-tackle, blocks, clew-garnets, down-jib, and stay-sails, hags' teeth, futtock-shrouds, iron-garters, shackles, sheathing, and double neck-nails, that the pirate hauled

down his colours, and sheered off under a press of sail. I thought he was for cruising in a cooler latitude ; but it seems that, falling in with you young craft, he made a prize after all.'

'What a rogue he must be ! We should never have found him out.'

'Maybe not, boys ; but he would have been none the better for that. Never sail under false colours. What does the Book of Job say ? "The hypocrite's hope shall perish ; whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a spider's web." '—*The ' Old Sea Captain.'*

NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG SAILOR.

con-tem'-plat-ing, *thinking seriously*

hom-i-ci'-dal, *murderous*

trait, *a mark of character*

doat'-ing, *longing with excessive fondness*

de-scrip'-tion, *the act of describing*

un-keel'-ed, *without a keel*

wat'-tled, *bound with twigs*

Ar'-go, *the name of a famous ship of Grecian story*

scant'-ly, *scarcely, hardly*

cap'-ture, *the act of taking anything*

so'-journ, *a chance residence*

ban'-ish-ed, *condemned to leave one's country, driven away*

la-bor'-i-ous, *difficult, with great exertion*

un-com'-pass-ed, *without a compass*

in-ter-la'-ced, *put one within the other, plaited*

e-quip'-ped, *furnished*

fash'-ion-ed, *made*

I love contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory ;
The traits that soften to our heart,
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne,
Armed in our island every freeman ;
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
 And aye was bent his youthful brow,
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain, halfway over ;
 With envy—*they* could reach the white,
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
 If but the storm his vessel brought
 To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
 He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
 An empty hogshead from the deep,
 Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
 The livelong day, laborious, lurking,
 Until he launched a tiny boat,
 By mighty working.

Oh dear me ! 'twas a thing beyond
 Description !—Such a wretched wherry,
 Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond,
 Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field,
 It would have made the boldest shudder :
 Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
 No sail, no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
 And thus equipped, he would have passed
 The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering ;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike, in peace or danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger.

'Rash youth, that would'st yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned ;
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned.'

'I have no sweetheart !' said the lad,
'But, absent years from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.'

'And so thou shalt,' Napoleon said,
'You've both my favour justly won,
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son.'

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty ;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Buonaparté.

F. Campbell.

THE PROUD EMPEROR.

muse (v.), to consider
 e-la'-ted, *puffed up with pleasure*
 sum'-mon, to call
 fer'-tile, fruitful
 al-lure', to entice
 se-clu'-ded, retired
 fea'-tures, the form of the face
 ar-ray'-ed, clothed
 un-per-ceiv'-ed, not seen
 ap-par'-el, clothing

im-pe'-ri-al, belonging to an emperor
 re-duce', to bring down.
 wick'-et, a small gate
 thresh'-old, a doorstep
 re-join', to answer
 tat'-ter-ed, torn, ragged
 por'-ter, a gatekeeper
 per-ad-ven'-ture, perhaps
 re-it'-er-ate, to say over again
 vil'-lan-y, wicked conduct

In the days of old, when the empire of the world was in the hands of the lord of Rome, Jovinian was Emperor. Oft as he lay on his couch, and mused upon his power and his wealth, his heart was elated beyond measure, and he said within himself, 'Verily, there is no other god beside me!'

It happened one morning after he had thus said unto himself, that the Emperor arose, and, summoning his huntsmen and his friends, hastened to chase the wild deer of the forest. The chase was long and swift, and the sun was high in the heavens, when Jovinian reined up his horse on the bank of a clear bright stream, that ran through the fertile country on which his palace stood. Allured by the refreshing appearance of the stream, he bade his attendants abide still, whilst he sought a secluded pool beneath some willows, where he might bathe unseen.

The Emperor hastened to the pool, cast off his garments, and revelled in the refreshing coolness of the waters. But whilst he thus bathed, a person like to him in form, in feature, and in voice, approached

the river-bank, arrayed himself unperceived in the imperial garments, and then sprang on Jovinian's horse, and rode to meet the huntsmen, who, deceived by the likeness and the dress, obeyed his commands, and followed their new Emperor to the palace-gates.

Jovinian at length quitted the water, and sought in every direction for his apparel and his horse, but could not find them. He called aloud upon his attendants, but they heard him not, being already in attendance upon the false Emperor. And Jovinian regarded his nakedness, and said, 'Miserable man that I am! to what a state am I reduced! Whither shall I go? Who will receive me in this plight? I bethink me, there is a Knight hereabout, whom I have advanced to great honour; I will seek him, and with his assistance regain my palace, and punish the person who has done me this wrong.'

Naked and ashamed, Jovinian sought the gate of the Knight's castle, and knocked loudly at the wicket.

'Who art thou, and what dost thou want?' asked the porter, without unclosing the gate.

'Open—open, sirrah!' replied the Emperor, with redoubled knocks at the wicket.

'In the name of wonder, friend, who art thou?' said the porter, as he opened the gate, and saw the strange figure of the Emperor before the threshold.

'Who am I, askest thou, sirrah? I am thy Emperor. Go tell thy master Jovinian is at his gate, and bid him bring forth a horse and some garments, to supply the place of those that I have been deprived of.'

'Rascal!' rejoined the porter, 'thou the Emperor! Why, the Emperor but just now rode up to the castle with all his attendants, and honoured my master by sitting with him at meat in the great hall. Thou the Emperor!—a very pretty emperor indeed! Faugh! I

will tell my master what you say, and he will soon find out whether you are drunk, mad, or a thief.'

The porter, greatly enraged, went and told his lord, how that a naked fellow stood at the gate calling himself the Emperor, and demanding clothes and a good steed.

'Bring the fellow in,' said the Knight.

So they brought in Jovinian, and he stood before the lord of the castle, and again declared himself to be the Emperor Jovinian. Loud laughed the Knight at the Emperor.

'What! thou my lord the Emperor! Art mad, good fellow?—Come, give him my old cloak; it will keep him from the flies.'

'Yes, Sir Knight,' replied the Emperor; 'I am thy Emperor, who advanced thee to great honour and wealth, and will shortly punish thee for thy present conduct.'

'Scoundrel!' said the Knight, now enraged beyond all bounds. 'Traitor! thou the Emperor! Ay, of beggars and fools. Why, did not my lord but lately sit with me in my hall, and taste of my poor cheer? And did not he bid me ride with him to his palace-gate, whence I am but now returned? Fool! I pitied thee before—now I see thy villany. Go, turn the fellow out, and flog him from the castle-ditch to the hillside.'

And the people did as the Knight commanded them. So when they ceased from flogging him, he sate him down on the grass, and covered him with a tattered robe, and commented on his own wretchedness and the ingratitude of the Knight; but he thought not of his own ingratitude to God, through whom alone all princes reign and live. And now he brooded over vengeance. 'Ay,' said he, as he felt

the sore weals on his back from the scourging—‘ay, I will be avenged! When next he sees me, he shall know that he who gives can also take away. Come, I will seek the good Duke, my ablest counsellor; he will know his sovereign, and gladly aid him in his calamity.’ And with these thoughts, he wrapped his cloak around him, and sought the house of the good Duke.

Jovinian knocked at the gate of the Duke’s palace, and the porter opened the wicket, and, seeing a half-naked man, asked him why he knocked and who he was.

‘Friend,’ replied the Emperor, ‘I am Jovinian. I have been robbed of my clothes whilst bathing, and am now with no apparel save this ragged cloak, and no horse; so tell the Duke the Emperor is here.’

The porter, more and more astonished at the Emperor’s words, sought his master, and delivered Jovinian’s message to him.

‘Bring in the poor man,’ said the Duke; ‘peradventure he is mad.’

So they brought Jovinian into the Duke’s great hall, and the Duke looked on him, but he knew him not. And when Jovinian reiterated his story, and spoke angrily to the Duke, he pitied him. ‘Poor mad fellow!’ said the Duke, ‘I have but just now returned from the palace, where I left the very Emperor whom thou assumest to be.—Take him to the guardhouse. Perhaps a few hours’ close confinement on bread and water may cool his heated brain. Go, poor fellow, I pity thee!’

So the servants did as their lord commanded, and they fed Jovinian on bread and water, and after a time turned him out of the castle; for he still said he was the Emperor. Sorely and bitterly did the

Emperor bewail his miserable fate when the servants drove him from the castle-gate. 'Alas—alas!' he exclaimed in his misery, 'what shall I do, and whither shall I resort? Even the good Duke knew me not, but regarded me as a poor madman. Come, I will seek my own palace, and discover myself to my wife. Surely she will know me at last!'

'Who art thou, poor man?' asked the Emperor's porter of him, when he stood before the palace-gate, and would have entered in.'

'Thou oughtest to know me,' said Jovinian, 'seeing thou hast served me these fifteen years.'

'Served you, you dirty fellow!' rejoined the porter. 'I serve the Emperor. Serve you, indeed!'

'I am the Emperor. Dost thou not know me? Come, my good fellow, seek the Empress, and bid her, by the sign of the three moles on the Emperor's breast, send me hither the imperial robes, which some fellow stole while I was bathing.'

'Ha ha, fellow! Well, you are royally mad. Why, the Emperor is at dinner with his wife. Well, well, I'll do thy bidding, if it be but to have the whipping of thee afterwards for an impudent madman. Three moles on the Emperor's breast! How royally thou shalt be beaten, my friend!'

THE PROUD EMPEROR.

(CONTINUED.)

fic-ti'-tious, *pretended*
 lair, *a beast's den*
 falc'-on, *a hawk trained for sport*
 jess'-es, *short leathern straps*
 ac-cord' (n.), *agreement*
 sire, *a father*
 u-surp'-er, *one who seizes that to which he has no right*
 pre-sump'-tion, *unreasonable self-confidence*
 de-pose', *to put down*
 fu'-gi-tive (n.), *a runaway*

de-pend'-ent, *one who depends on another*
 re'-serve' (v.), *to keep back*
 ar'-ro-gance, *taking too much on oneself*
 griev'-ous, *causing grief*
 o-bei'-sance, *a low bow*
 re-sem'-ble, *to be like*
 feign'-ed, *pretended*
 scourge (n.), *a sort of whip*
 il-lu'-med, *lighted up*
 pam'-per, *to indulge overmuch*
 en-rich, *to make rich*

When the porter told the Empress what the poor man at the gate had said, she held down her head, and said with a sorrowful voice to her lord, 'My good Lord and Emperor, here is a fellow at the palace-gate that hath sent unto me, and bid me, by those secret signs, known only to thee and me, to send him the imperial robes, and welcome him as my husband and sovereign.'

When the fictitious Emperor heard this, he bade the attendants to bring in Jovinian. And, lo! as he entered the hall, the great wolf-hound that had slept at his feet for years, sprang from his lair, and would have pulled him down, had not the attendants prevented him; whilst the falcon that had sat on his wrist in many a fair day's hawking, broke her jesses and flew out of the hall—so changed was Jovinian the Emperor.

'Nobles and friends,' said the new Emperor, 'hear ye what I will ask of this man.'

And the nobles bowed assent, whilst the Emperor

asked of Jovinian his name, and his business with the Empress.

‘Askest thou me who I am, and wherefore I am come?’ rejoined Jovinian. ‘Am not I thy Emperor, and the lord of this house and of this realm?’

‘These our nobles shall decide,’ replied the new Emperor. ‘Tell me now which of us twain is your Emperor.’

And the nobles answered with one accord, ‘Thou dost trifle with us, sire. Can we doubt that thou art our Emperor, whom we have known from his childhood? As for this base fellow, we know not who he is.’

And with one accord the people cried out against Jovinian that he should be punished.

On this the usurper turned to the Empress of Jovinian. ‘Tell me,’ said he, ‘on thy true faith, knowest thou this man who calls himself the Emperor of this realm?’

And the Empress answered, ‘Good, my lord, why askest thou me of this fellow? I know him not; yet it doth surprise me how he should know what none save you and I can know.’

Then the usurper turned to Jovinian, and with a harsh countenance rebuked his presumption, and ordered the executioners to drag him by the feet by horses until he died. This he said before all his court; but he sent his servant to the jailer, and commanded him to scourge Jovinian, and for this once to set him free.

The deposed Emperor desired death. ‘Why,’ said he to himself, ‘should I now live? My friends, my dependents, yea even my wife, shun me, and I am desolate among those whom my bounty has enriched. Come, I will seek the good priest, to whom I have so

often laid open my most secret faults : of a surety he will remember me.'

Now the good priest lived in a cell nigh to a chapel about a stone's cast from the palace-gate ; and when Jovinian knocked, the priest, being engaged in reading, answered from within, ' Who's there ? Why troublest thou me ? '

' I am the Emperor Jovinian. Open the window ; I would speak to thee,' replied the fugitive.

Immediately the narrow window of the cell was opened, and the priest, looking out, saw no one save the poor half-clothed Jovinian. ' Depart from me, thou accursed thing ! ' cried the priest ; ' thou art not our good lord the Emperor, but the foul Fiend himself, the great Tempter ! '

' Alas—alas ! ' cried Jovinian, ' to what fate am I reserved, that even my own good priest despises me ? Ah me ! I bethink me, in the arrogance of my heart, I called myself a god. The weight of my sin is grievous unto me. Father, good Father, hear the sins of a miserable penitent ! '

Gladly did the priest listen to Jovinian ; and when he had told him all his sins, the good priest comforted him, and assured him of God's mercy if his repentance was sincere. And so it happened that on this a cloud seemed to fall from before his eyes ; and when he again looked on Jovinian, he knew him to be the Emperor ; and he pitied him, clothing him with such poor garments as he had, and went with him to the palace-gate.

The porter stood in the gateway, and as Jovinian and the priest drew near, he made a lowly obeisance, and opened the gate for the Emperor. ' Dost thou know me ? ' asked the Emperor.

‘Very well, my lord,’ replied the servant. ‘But I wish that you had not left the palace.’

So Jovinian passed on to the hall of his palace; and as he went all the nobles rose, and bowed to the Emperor; for the usurper was in another apartment, and the nobles knew again the face of Jovinian.

But a certain knight passed into the presence of the false Emperor. ‘My lord,’ said he, ‘there is one in the great hall to whom all men do bow; for he so much resembleth you, that we know not which is the Emperor.’

Then said the usurper to the Empress, ‘Go and see if you know this man.’

‘Oh, my good lord,’ said the Empress, when she returned from the hall, ‘whom can I believe? Are there then two Jovinians?’

‘I will myself go and determine,’ rejoined the usurper, as he took the Empress by the hand, and, leading her into the great hall, placed her on the throne beside himself. ‘Kinsfolk and nobles,’ said the usurper, ‘by the oaths ye have sworn, determine between me and this man.’

And the Empress answered, ‘Let me, as in duty bound, speak first. Heaven be my witness, I know not which is my lord and husband!’

And all the nobles spake to the same effect.

Thereupon the feigned Jovinian rose and said, ‘Nobles and friends, hearken! That man is your Emperor, and your master; hear ye him! Know that he did exalt himself above that which was right, and made himself equal unto God. Verily he hath been rewarded. He hath suffered much indignity and wrong; and of God’s will ye knew him not. He hath repented him of his grievous sin, and the

scourge is now removed. Hear ye him, know him, and obey him.'

As the feigned Emperor thus addressed the astonished nobles, his features seemed illumed with a fair and spiritual light; his imperial robes fell from off him, and he stood confessed before the assembly an angel of God, clothed in white raiment. And as he ended his speech, he bowed his head, and vanished from their sight.

Jovinian returned to his throne, and for three years reigned with so much mercy and justice, that his subjects had no cause to regret the change of their Emperor. And it came to pass, after the space of three years, the same angel appeared to him in a dream, and warned him of his death. So Jovinian dictated his troublous life to his secretaries, that it might remain as a warning to all men against worldly pride. And when he had so done, he meekly resigned himself and fell asleep in death.

This tale is an allegory. Jovinian was but the picture of the proud worldly-minded man, entirely given up to vanity and folly. The first knight whose castle he visited was selfishness, ever seeking the pomps and vanities of the world. The dog that turned against his old master was the lusts of the flesh, our own evil desires, which ever, in the end, turn against those who have pampered them. The falcon is God's grace; the empress man's soul; and the clothes, in which the good priest clothed the half-frozen emperor, are those kingly virtues which he had thrown off when he gave loose to the vanities of the world.—
Evenings with the Old Story-tellers.

BOADICEA.

Bo-a-dic'-e-a, *a celebrated British queen who resisted the Romans, and poisoned herself after losing a decisive battle*

in-dig'-nant, *angry at an injury*

mien, *look, manner*

match'-less, *without an equal*

hoar'-y, *white or grey with age*

ab-hor'-red, *hated*

pro'-ge-ny, *offspring, race*

pos-ter'-i-ty, *descendants*

in-vin'-ci-ble, *unconquerable*

preg'-nant, *full*

ce-les'-tial, *heavenly*

a-ward' (v.), *to adjudge*

When the British warrior-queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke,
Full of rage, and full of grief.

'Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish—write that word—
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt!

'Rome for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

‘Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier’s name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

‘Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

‘Regions Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.’

Such the Bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the cords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rushed to battle, fought and died ;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

‘Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due,
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you !’

Cowper.

COLUMBUS.

con'-vent, *a religious house for
males or females*
de-mean'-our, *manner, beha-
viour*
pri'-or, *the head of a convent
of monks*
mar'-vel-lous, *wonderful*
pro-po'-ses, *designs, offers for
consideration*
a-maze'-ment, *wonder*
ven'-tur-ed, *dared, hazarded*
en'-ter-prise, *an undertaking*
pro-ject'-ed, *contrived*
dif'-fi-cul-ties, *things hard to
do*
con-ceive'-ed, *thought of*
per-se-ve'-rance, *steadiness in
pursuing an object*

con-vince', *to overcome in argu-
ment*
an-tip'-o-des, *those who, living
on the other side of the earth,
have their feet opposite to us*
treach'-er-ous, *faithless*
big'-ot, *one unreasonably de-
voted to certain opinions*
pre'-ju-diced, *having formed a
judgment beforehand*
ty-ran'-ni-cal, *acting as a
tyrant*
en-thu'-si-asm, *great zeal*
en-treat'-ies, *prayers*
at-tain'-ed, *arrived at*
mar'-i-ner, *a seaman*
port, *bearing, manner*

A poor man and his little son stand before a convent gate near the small town of Palos, in Andalusia. They have travelled far on foot, and, poor and friendless, wayworn and hungry, they are begging for a bit of bread.

Yet this stranger is no common beggar. This appears in his lordly port, his self-possessed demeanour, his broad fine forehead, bearing the stamp of high intellect.

When the porter of the convent has given the strangers a bit of bread and a little water, the Prior passes by. He kindly sits down to speak to the poor man; he sees he is a foreigner; and the good Prior resolves to hear his story, and help him if he can.

The seeming beggar and his son enter the convent, and tell their story to the Prior; but how marvellous a story! This man, poor as he is, seeks

no work or help from the Prior : he would not, if it were offered him, accept the honourable post of porter to the convent, for he is bent on discovering a new world. He tells of marvellous Eastern lands, rich in gold and jewels and precious stones, where spices grow in plenty, and where the palace of the king is covered with plates of solid gold. To find these rich lands in the East, he proposes to sail *west*, and so quite round the world.

The Prior listens in amazement. No vessel has ever ventured to explore the seas of the far West ; no one knows what is beyond. But as he hears the eloquent words of the stranger, he becomes convinced ; he enters heartily into the enterprise ; he will do all he can to help it. The stranger will go forth on his voyage of discovery ; the good Prior, meantime, will take care of his child.

He left his son in the convent, and went to try to obtain ships for his enterprise ; but he found others harder to convince than the Prior. All the learned men of Spain mocked what they called his absurd fancies, and the sages of the College of Salamanca quoted the Fathers of the Church to prove that the world is flat.

‘Is there anyone so foolish,’ asks the wise Lactantius, ‘as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours—people who walk with their feet upwards, and their heads hanging down ; that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy, and where it rains, hails, and snows upwards?’

The simple man, alone among the learned, still keeps his own opinion. He maintains that the world, after all, *is* round, and that there is land in the west. Plants and trees have been drifted to the

coast of the Azores from some unknown western country; four hundred and fifty leagues to the west of Cape St. Vincent a piece of carved wood had been picked up by a vessel, which must have floated from a land farther westward still; and, what was more surprising, two dead bodies had been cast on the island of Flores, unlike any race of men in the then known world.

Such are some of the facts stated by this sailor, but the wise men will not believe. For many weary years he applies in vain to the kings of Europe—to the miser Henry VII. of England, the treacherous John of Portugal, the bigot Ferdinand of Spain: all are alike narrow-minded and prejudiced. But a woman comes to his aid. A noble queen then reigned in Spain, and this was well both for Europe and America; for though sometimes overborne by her bigoted husband, and the tyrannical and narrow-minded priests who surrounded her, Queen Isabella was beyond her age, wiser than kings or sages. Her generous spirit is kindled, and, with an enthusiasm worthy of herself and the cause, she exclaims, ‘I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castille, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds.’

On the 3rd of August, 1492, three small vessels sailed from a little island near the port of Palos, on the venturous voyage, commanded by him who had so long projected it.

As they sailed farther and farther west without seeing land, his seamen rebelled, even his officers murmured; but, unshaken by difficulties, unmoved by entreaties, while the voice of prayer and the melody of praise to God daily arose from his ships, he kept on his course, till the little birds of another

hemisphere came with their songs to bid him hope, and the weeds, fresh and green, which drifted round the ship brought the same tidings. At length, on the evening of the 10th of October, a light was seen glimmering in the distance, and at two in the morning a gun was fired to announce the first sight of the long-desired land. The end was attained—a new world was found! When the glad sailors landed on the beautiful island of San Salvador, the first action of their noble leader was to throw himself on his knees, and give thanks to God with tears of joy.

At the age of fifty-six, eighteen years after he had first conceived his wonderful enterprise, after passing the prime of his life in 'poverty, neglect, and taunting ridicule,' Christopher Columbus, the Genoese mariner, at length made the great discovery which has rendered his name for ever famous. Such was the reward of patient hope, well-grounded resolution, and steady perseverance!

No better example of these virtues could be offered to you. 'Work while you work,' and be animated with the spirit of this ancient mariner in what you do. Like him, think deeply, resolve firmly, wait patiently; like him, seek the blessing of God on every enterprise; like him, persevere amid difficulties, resolve in earnest, pray in earnest, work in earnest,—and such earnest and persevering toil will never be unrewarded!—*Adapted.*

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

ca-reer' (v.), to run with swift
motion

game'-some, frolicsome, gay

en'-gross', to occupy one's mind
fully

wil'-der-ing, confusing

be-tide', to happen, to befall

scathe'-less, unharmed

di-la'-ted, spread out

re-cline', to lean back

un-re-proach'-ful, not blaming

fleet'-er, swifter

jo'-vi-al, joyful

lea, a plain, a meadow

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead ;
Up with the sun rose Percy Bede ;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea ;
The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound ;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound ;
They were a jovial three !

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream ;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

The game's afoot ! Halloo ! Halloo !
Hunter and horse and hound pursue ;
But woe the shaft that erring flew,
That e'er it left the string !
And ill betide the faithless yew !
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew ;
And gallant Keeldar's lifeblood true
Has drench'd the gray-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies !
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
 Without a groan or quiver.
Now day may break, and bugle sound,
And whoop and halloo ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
 But Keeldar sleeps for ever !

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise ;
He knows not that his comrade dies,
 Nor what is death ; but still
His aspect hath expression drear,
Of grief and wonder, mixed with fear,
Like startled children, when they hear
 Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite bending low,
 In speechless grief recline ;
Can think he hears the senseless clay,
In unreproachful accents say,
' The hand that took my life away,
 Dear master, was it thine ?

' And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,
Which sure some erring aim address'd,
Since in your service prized, caress'd,
 I in your service die ;
And you may have a fleeter hound
To match the dun-deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
 So true a guard as I.'

And to his last stout Percy rued
 The fatal chance, for when he stood
 'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
 And fell amid the fray,
 E'en with his dying voice he cried,
 'Had Keeldar but been at my side,
 Your treacherous ambush had been spied,
 I had not died to-day !'

Scott.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

de-sign' (n.), a *plan*
 ir-rec-on-cil'-a-ble, that cannot
 agree
 fire'-lock, a *soldier's gun*
 nav-i-ga'-tion, the *art of sail-*
 ing ships
 math-e-mat'-ics, the *science of*
 number and measurement
 el'-i-gi-ble, *fit to be chosen*
 yearn, to *long for*
 sus'-te-nance, *support*
 ap'-pe-tite, *desire*
 de-ject'-ed, *low-spirited*

mel'-an-chol-y, *sad*
 as-pi-ra'-tion, an *ardent wish*
 sen'-su-al, *pleasing to the*
 senses
 prom'-on-tor-y, *high land jut-*
 ting into the sea
 pre-cip'-i-tance, *great haste*
 ex'-quis-ite-ly, *completely*
 tran-quil'-li-ty, *quietness*
 mem'-or-a-ble, *worthy to be*
 remembered
 ne-ces'-si-ties, *wants*
 ac-qui-si'-tions, *things obtained*

Under the title of this paper I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in Her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any other of the human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place than in a crazy

vessel under a disagreeable commander. His portion was a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible and other books of devotion, together with others that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against his officer, who had illused him, made him look forward to this change of life as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off, at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had no provision for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals.

The island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats, he judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore, than by seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtle, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his great diversions from the reflections of his lonely condition. When these appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything ; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, melancholy, scarcely able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason and frequent reading of the

Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant, cheerful, serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had been before irksome. He, now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual of pleasures.

The precaution which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and as he was in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching it but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend himself from them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kittens, who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles, with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him that, running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which, under

him, he fell down a precipice and lay senseless for the space of three days, the length of which he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy on his hand ; his nights were untroubled, and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been led into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gestures ; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received the crew with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to help and refresh them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him ; familiar discourse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is the happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities ; and he that goes further in his

desires, increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions, or, to use his own expression, 'I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing.'—*Steele*.

KING CANUTE.

mon'-arch, *a king or queen*
 at-tend'-ants, *those who attend*
 re'-gal, *royal, kingly*
 ser'-vile, *slavish, mean*
 cour'-tiers, *attendants about*
 the courts of princes
 up-braid'-ing, *scolding*
 meed, *reward*
 con-tempt'-u-ous-ly, *with scorn*

pro-ces-sion, *a train of persons*
 marching in order
 pro-claim', *to declare openly*
 scep'-tre, *the ensign of royalty*
 borne in the hand
 man'-date, *command*
 un-de-ter'-red, *not kept back*
 or hindered

Upon his royal throne he sate,
 A monarch in thoughtful mood ;
 Attendants on his regal state
 His servile courtiers stood,
 With foolish flatteries, false and vain,
 To win his smile, his favour gain.

They told him e'en the mighty deep
 His kingly sway confessed ;
 That he could bid its billows leap,
 Or still its stormy breast !
 He smiled contemptuously, and cried,
 'Be then my boasted empire tried !'

Down to the ocean's sounding shore
 The proud procession came,
 To see its billows' wild uproar
 King Canute's power proclaim ;
 Or, at his high and dread command,
 In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.

Not so, thought he, their noble king,
As his course he seaward sped ;—
And each base slave, like a guilty thing,
Hung down his conscious head ;—
He knew the ocean's Lord on high !
They, that he scorned their senseless lie.

His throne was placed by ocean's side,
He lifted his sceptre there ;
Bidding, with tones of kingly pride,
The waves their strife forbear :—
And, while he spoke his royal will,
All but the winds and waves were still.

Louder the stormy blast swept by,
In scorn of his idle word ;
The briny deep its waves tossed high,
By his mandate undeterred.
As threatening, in their angry play,
To sweep both King and Court away.

The monarch with upbraiding look,
Turned to the courtly ring ;
But none the kindling eye could brook
E'en of his earthly king ;
For in that wrathful glance they see
A mightier monarch wronged than he !

Canute, thy regal race is run ;
Thy name had passed away
But for the meed this tale hath won,
Which never shall decay :
Its meek unperishing renown
Outlasts thy sceptre and thy crown.

The Persian in his mighty pride,
 Forged fetters for the main ;
 And, when its floods his power defied,
 Inflicted stripes as vain ;—
 But it was worthier far of thee
 To know thyself than rule the sea !

B. Barton.

THE INTRODUCTION OF TEA AND COFFEE.

bev'-er-age, *a drink*
 cas'-u-al, *happening by chance*
 am-bas'-sa-dor, *a representative of a foreign power*
 Mo-gul', *the Emperor of Mongolia*
 Czar, *the Emperor of Russia*
 com-mod'-ity, *anything bought and sold*
 en-cum'-ber, *to clog*
 strat'-a-gem, *a trick*
 dis-burse', *to lay out money*
 bar'-ter (v.), *to exchange*

ex-ot'-ic, *foreign*
 nov'-el-ty, *something new*
 chro-nol'-o-gy, *the science of dates*
 de-range', *to put out of order*
 re-ga'-li-a, *that which gratifies*
 gran-dee', *a noble, a grand person*
 do-mes'-ti-cal-ly, *in a household way*
 E'-quip-age, *furniture*
 por'-ce-lain, *china-ware*
 or'-i-gin, *the beginning*

These now common beverages are all of recent origin in Europe ; neither the ancients nor those of the middle ages tasted of this luxury. The first accounts we find of the uses of the Tea shrub are the casual notices of travellers, who seem to have tasted it, and sometimes not to have liked it. A Russian ambassador, in 1639, who resided at the Court of the Mogul, declined accepting a large present of Tea for the Czar, 'as it would only encumber him with a commodity for which he had no use.' Dr. Short has recorded an anecdote of a stratagem of the Dutch, in their second voyage to China, by which they at first

obtained their Tea without disbursing money ; they carried with them great store of dried sage, and bartered it with the Chinese for Tea ; and received three or four pounds of Tea for one of sage ; but, at length, the Dutch could not export sufficient quantity of sage to supply their demand. This fact, however, proves how deeply the imagination is concerned with our palate, for the Chinese, affected by the exotic novelty, considered our sage to be more precious than their Tea.

The first introduction of Tea into Europe is not ascertained : according to the common accounts, it came into England from Holland in 1666, when Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory brought over a small quantity ; the custom of drinking Tea became fashionable, and a pound weight sold then for sixty shillings. This account, however, is by no means satisfactory. I have heard of Oliver Cromwell's teapot in the possession of a collector, and this will derange the chronology of those writers who are perpetually copying the researches of others, without confirming or correcting them.

The best account of the early use and the prices of Tea in England, appears in the handbill of one who may be called our first Tea-maker. This curious handbill bears no date, but, as Hanway ascertained that the price was sixty shillings in 1660, this bill must have been dispersed about that period.

Thomas Garway, in Exchange Alley, tobacconist and coffee-man, was the first who sold and retailed Tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders. The following shop-bill is more curious than any historical account we have :—

‘Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds, the pound

weight ; and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath only been used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the Tea in *leaf* or *drink*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best Tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells Tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound.'

Probably Tea was not in general use domestically so late as 1687 ; for, in the Diary of Henry Earl of Clarendon, he registers that 'Père Couplet supped with me, and after supper we had Tea, which he said was really as good as any he had drank in China.' Had his lordship been in the general habit of drinking Tea, he had not probably made it a subject of his Diary.

While the honour of introducing Tea may be disputed between the English and the Dutch, that of Coffee remains between the English and the French ; yet an Italian intended to have occupied the place of honour. That admirable traveller, Pietro della Valle, writing from Constantinople in 1615, to a Roman, his fellow-countryman, informs him that he should teach Europe in what manner the Turks took what he called 'Cahué,' or, as the word is written in an Arabic and English pamphlet, printed at Oxford in 1659, 'On the nature of the drink *Kauhi* or Coffee.' As this celebrated traveller lived in 1652, it may

excite surprise that the first cup of Coffee was not drank at Rome. Our own Purchas, at the time that Valle wrote, was also a 'Pilgrim,' and well knew what was '*Coffee*,' which 'they drink as hot as they can endure it; it is as black as soot, and not much unlike it; good, they say, for digestion and mirth.'

It appears that the celebrated Thevenot, in 1658, gave Coffee after dinner; but it was considered as the whim of a traveller; neither the thing itself, nor its appearance, was inviting. But ten years afterwards a Turkish ambassador at Paris made the beverage highly fashionable. The elegance of the equipage recommended it to the eyes, and charmed the women: the brilliant porcelain cups in which it was poured, the napkins fringed with gold, and the Turkish slaves on their knees presenting it to the ladies, seated on the ground on cushions, turned the heads of the Parisian dames. This elegant introduction made the exotic beverage a subject of conversation; and in 1672, an Armenian at Paris, at the fair-time, opened a Coffee-house.

Such is the history of the first use of Coffee at Paris. We however had it in use before even the time of Thevenot; for an English Turkish merchant brought a Greek servant in 1652, who, knowing how to roast and make it, opened a house to sell it publicly. I have also discovered his handbill, in which he sets forth:—

'The vertue of the Coffee-drink, first publicly made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head.'—I. D'ISRAËLI (*Curiosities of Literature*).

THE HAREBELL AND THE FOXGLOVE.

ob-scure', not noted, humble in
station

ten'-drils, the clasps of a climb-
ing plant

o'er-arch'-ing, forming an arch
over

de-cor'-um, proper conduct

dis-sat'-is-fied, not contented

ves'-ture, clothing

spleen, ill-humour

treach'-er-ous, faithless

daz'-zling, shining very brightly

bane'-ful, destructive

o'-di-ous, hateful

pest, a plague

ven'-o-mous, poisonous

con'-verse, acquaintance, so-
ciety

im-po'-sing, commanding

blight, to hinder from fertility

In a valley obscure, on a bank of green shade,
A sweet little Harebell her dwelling had made;
The roof was a woodbine, that tastefully spread
It's close-woven tendrils o'erarching her head;
The bed was of moss that each morning made new;
She dined on a sunbeam and supped on the dew;
Her neighbour, the nightingale, sang her to rest;
And care had ne'er planted a thorn in her breast.

One morning she saw on the opposite side,
A Foxglove displaying his colours of pride;
She gazed on his form that in stateliness grew,
And envied his height and his brilliant hue:
She mark'd how the flow'rets all gave way before
him,

While they press'd round her dwelling with far less
decorum;

Dissatisfied, jealous, and peevish she grows,
And the sight of the Foxglove destroys her repose.

She tires of her vesture, and swelling with spleen,
Cries, 'Ne'er such a dowie blue mantle was seen!'
Nor keeps to herself any longer her pain,
But thus to a Primrose begins to complain:—

‘I envy your mood, that can patient abide
The respect paid that Foxglove, his airs and his
pride;
There you sit, still the same, with your colourless
cheek,
But you have no spirit,—would I were as meek.’

The Primrose, good-humour’d, replied, ‘If you knew
More about him—(remember I’m older than you,
And, better instructed, can tell you his tale)—
You’d envy him least of all flowers in the vale;
With all his fine airs and his dazzling show,
No blossom more baneful and odious can blow;
And the reason that flow’rets before him give way
Is because they all hate him, and shrink from his ray.

‘To stay near him long would be fading or death,
For he scatters a pest with his venomous breath;
While the flowers that you fancy are crowding you
there,
Spring round you, delighted your converse to share:
His flame-coloured robe is imposing ’tis true;
Yet who likes it so well as your mantle of blue?
For we know that of innocence one is the vest,
The other the cloak of a treacherous breast.

‘I see your surprise—but I know him full well,
And have number’d his victims as fading they fell;
He blighted those Violets that under him lay,
And poison’d a sister of mine the same day.’
The Primrose was silent—the Harebell ’tis said,
Inclin’d for a moment her beautiful head;
But quickly recover’d her spirits, and then
Declar’d that she ne’er should feel envy again.

LITTLE DOMBEY'S DEATHBED.

con-fuse', to mix, to disorder
 in-cred'-u-lous-ly, as though
 one did not believe
 quest; search
 ra'-di-ant, bright, shining
 blight'-ed, injured, like a plant
 covered with blight
 wist'-ful, earnest, thoughtful
 gaze (v.), to look earnestly
 pla'-cid-ly, quietly
 fee'-ble, weak

whis'-per (v.), to speak very
 softly
 wound (v.), did wind
 wound (n.), a hurt
 glide, to move quietly
 rip'-ple, a little wave
 firm-a-ment, the sky, the hea-
 vens
 im-mor-tal'-i-ty, endless ex-
 istence
 col'-our-less, without colour

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying—for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to enquire if he had ever seen his mother, for he could not remember whether they told him Yes or No, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

‘Floy, did I ever see mamma?’

‘No, darling; why?’

‘Did I ever see any kind face, like a mamma’s, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?’

He asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

‘Oh yes, dear!’

‘Whose, Floy?’

‘Your old nurse’s. Often.’

‘And where is my old nurse?’ said Paul; ‘is she dead, too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?’

There was a hurry in the room for an instant—

longer, perhaps, but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head on her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

‘Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!’

‘She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow.’

‘Thank you, Floy!’

Paul closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro; then he said, ‘Floy, is it to-morrow?—is she come?’

Some one seemed to go in quest of her; perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him, when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away; but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke, mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no grey mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

‘And who is this? Is this my old nurse?’ said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her ‘dear boy,’ her ‘pretty boy,’ her ‘own poor blighted child.’ No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast as one who has some right to

fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

'Floy! this is a kind, good face!' said Paul. 'I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! stay here!'

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

'Who was that that said Walter?' he asked, looking round. 'Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much.'

Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, 'Call him back then; let him come up!' After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favourite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said, 'Good-bye!'

'Good-bye, my child!' cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. 'Not good-bye?'

For an instant, Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. 'Ah, yes!' he said placidly, 'good-bye! Walter, dear, good-bye!'—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. 'Where is papa?'

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek, before the words had parted from his lips.

'Remember Walter, dear papa,' he whispered, looking in his face—'remember Walter—I was fond of Walter!' The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried 'good-bye' to Walter once again.

'Now lay me down,' he said; 'and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!'

Sister and brother wound their arms round each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them locked together.

‘How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it’s very near the sea; I hear the waves! They always said so!’

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now!—how bright the flowers growing on them!—and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before him who stood on the bank!

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so behind her neck.

‘Mamma is like you, Floy; I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!’

The golden purple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion!—the fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged till our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—DEATH!

Oh! thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of IMMORTALITY! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the Ocean!—CHARLES DICKENS (*Little Dombey*.)

